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Esquire

FEBRUARY 1985 • PRICE \$2.50

Man At His Best

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In the Grip of Success

by Frank Rose

On the Edge of Success

by Joe Kane





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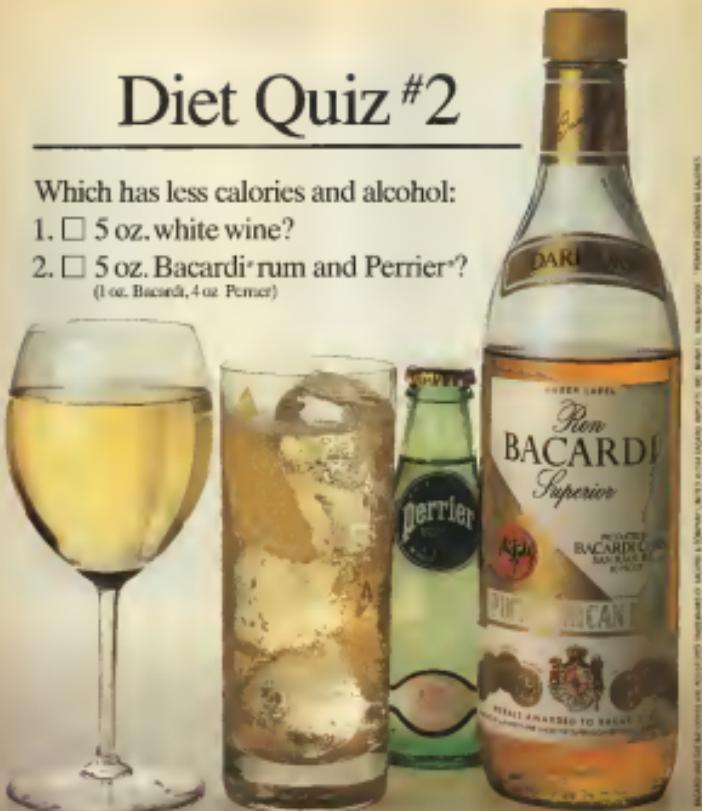
HONDA

The Civic Wagon

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in moderation

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ESQUIRE COVERS

Success
Success has become
the most overused word
in the English language.
Everyone
thinks they will
be successful if
they do whatever
they do. But is
there a formula
of the qualities
of success and its
big
role, see "In the
Grip," page 71, and
"On the Edge," page
43.



PERRY ELLIS
AMERICA
SPORTSWEAR FOR ALL AMERICA



In June, Esquire
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journey to the soul
of America

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

THE RE-GREENING OF AMERICA



HAS THE Big-Child generation sold out? Has self-interest co-opted social consciousness? Are the baby-boomers, once a self-proclaimed part of the revolution, now part of the establishment?

These and other lively penances are some of the questions raised in the two pieces that make up this month's cover story. The conscience of the postwar generation is a subject that will dominate our dialogue parties, to say nothing of American politics, for years to come. The unspoken issue is the sadness last November when, in overwhelming numbers, refugees from the Sochi showed their preference for the party of economic independence and demonstrated their alienation from long-standing liberal programs. Indeed, something is happening, and no-one's sure just what it is. All we know is that the Russians are electing more than anyone before, and not for anything anymore.

Everybody, it seems, is to the children of postwar America the game is no more competitive than it's ever been. For the past decade they've been competing the best schools, for the best jobs, and now for the big money of them, there's the financial rewards they don't make it next—at the right track—they prove over and over again. Middle managers will go with him, however, in nation in passages. For now, the career path is more level, advancement is smoother, responsibilities are smaller.

This month's cover story offers two direct responses to the generation's economic body-blow. For Salton Valley's T. J. Rodgers, the subject of Frank Rose's "The Grip" (page 78), success as a master scaling the human ring he'd been hand-
shaken. From the start he was driven; college he worked hard; he played hard. He sported a McGovern button. Today he is a rock-ribbed supporter of Ronald Rea-

Of his time with T. J. Rodgers, Bass says the story "impressed me as being retold of many these days. The kids of the Sixties were impotent to take over the world and remake it in their own image. And that's what they're doing today in Silicon Valley. Remaking it through technology. I was particularly struck by the number of people I saw move from liberal to conservative in just ten years. How do we explain people voting for Reagan in the Eighties when in the Sixties they regarded him as the antithesis? I was curious to find out."

As in the Fifty-first Zone, he was born in New Jersey and educated at Berklee. He continues to live in the Bay Area writing a syndicated column with the visionary Stewart Brand, among his other work.

His principal role is tracking the third-quarter revenue goals.

If Hodges stands as an example of those who reversed direction, Jim Marck stands for those who never moved from the stage. Joe Kanso's "On the Edge" (page 86) is a look at a career that, while it may not have peaked, the system can't sustain. Instead, he explores his many interests, trying to be at a different drummer. Whether such men and women reject the way out of showbiz, or whether they just don't comprehend it, this is the birthplace of the barn and the attitude has not gone. Marck's like a beginner accepted in a quirky character who has all the credentials to get a straight job elsewhere. He's got the looks, the voice, the good job offers. He associates with some of the richest and most successful people in the city. And what does the future hold for the eccentric Marck? Says Kanso, "I just bet he ends up with a small business of his own. Some sort of self-making."

IT'S A happy coincidence—or is it the *climax*?—that this month also introduces a new, readable section to the *newspaper*.

The authors who tracked these men are themselves products of power vacuum expectations. Frank Roosevelt, an Virginia born, and a graduate of Washington and Lee, since 1983 has his website *memories and stories places for Eugene*. From an inside look at the Postgate-to-enquiry into what passed for bipartisanship in the Eighties, he is the author of *Five Presidents*—Post News (1980) and *From the House of the Mouse* a recently published report on the people behind intellectual leadership.

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GUCCI

Man At His Best

AGENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

MATERIAL VALUE Breaking Into Glass



ILLUSTRATION: ANDREW BROWN

Every morning around the crack of dawn, Jerry Raphael, a New York City art entrepreneur, goes into his living room for a round of calisthenics. He sits, squat and stoop and we are not an expert as position. "I face the display that holds my glass collection," says Raphael. "Depending on whether I am standing, sitting, or lying on the floor, the pieces can take on a whole new look. Sometimes I forget what I am there for. I get so engrossed in arranging the pieces. Sometimes I think that I have a brand-new piece in the collection, but no, I am just looking at an old piece from a different point of view."

A different point of view is a good thing to have when it comes to the kind of glass Raphael is referring to. It's not Tiffany, Gallé, or any of the early-fortieth-century names that commanded astronomical prices at auction houses and in

ique shops across the country. These pieces, in fact, bear little resemblance to early "art glass" designs. And this single piece of Raphael's collection epitomizes the early Studio, which is where the studio glass movement began.

"Glass is taking on a new phase," says Douglas Heller, co-owner of the Heller Gallery, which occupies some three thousand square feet of open space in New York's SoHo. "What is done on the blowpipe was once the end result. Now that's just the beginning."

Heller and other dealers who specialize in studio glass (sometimes called new glass or contemporary glass) believe that current price levels are only a beginning, too. "We are seven years off and collectors could buy the works of most major studio glass in glass for under \$500," says Fredrick Hanson, collector of Hobnail galleries in Ludington Village, Michigan, and Bay

Heber Islands, Florida. "Today the works of the top artists are increasing at a rate of 25 percent a year."

Raphael remembers the old days, when he and his wife, Deborah, first noticed these unusual glass pieces while shopping to add to their extensive collection of art and antiques. "Very soon we began conserving our savings in order to add to our collection. It is too late to get in on the glass act," "Prices are nowhere near what they will be," says Heller. "There couldn't be a better time to buy fine examples of studio glass."

GLASS ROOTS

Glassblowing was America's first industry, but it wasn't until the late nineteenth century that it really began to flourish, when artists and designers became directly involved in the manufacturing process. Says Heller: "Tiffany, Gallé, Lalique, and other artists represented the last of a great creative era in glass. This is the start of a new era named after Lalique, Ohlde, Glassy, Peiser, Borsig, and Meyr. Glassblowers and designers are applying the same attention and energy as did the past masters."

These new artists are unique, though the art-glass designers never worked the glass themselves. Today's artists set their creations through吹管 (blowpipe) concept to completion. Studio-glass designers create works coming from the starkly simple to the exuberantly elaborate pieces that involve cutting, engraving, polishing, sandblasting, and the application of more glass or other materials to the surface. Some artists choose to retain the traditional vessel form, or pieces with a little. Joel Philip Myers is a case in point. Large, thick-walled bubbles of opaque colored glass are

cooled and broken into fragments. Then Myers blows a second piece, this one more massive and chunky, with thick walls. Then he and an assistant collage the colored glass pieces on the flat blown form, using a heat torch to fuse the colors with the surface. The finished pieces, which may weigh fifteen or twenty pounds, is a masterpiece of organic shapes, as natural and unperceived with their abstract patterns. Myers's early works were done with a white opaque glass as a base; his next pieces, in black glass, created a sense of deep space. Now he is using vivid colors, chartreuse and deep red, on muted backgrounds. His works sell for \$3,000 to \$4,000.

Mark Peiser, on the other hand, has given up glassblowing altogether to create poised and elegant pieces. Working with several colors at a time, Peiser infuses the studio hot glass into a graphite mold that has been cast into the precise form he wishes his glass sculpture to take. Using freehand geometrics, many of short and broad or curved designs, Peiser's work is created within the mold of the precious, reflective glass of glass. In fact, the pieces suggest a full of colors, with some colors suddenly becoming transparent. Peiser's works are relatively small, averaging eight or nine inches in height. His current pieces bring \$2,000 to \$5,000, earlier ones sell for up to \$12,500.

Then there is Harvey Littleton, whose father was a physician with the huge Corning Glassworks in upstate New York and whose mother was the first to use hot-resistant

Philippe, which his father helped develop at the factory and brought home for her to try out. Such utilitarian pieces, however, were not for

younger Littleton, who was more interested in discovering a way to work with glass in a private space, away from the factory, says as a painter or sculptor might. "No one believed it could be done," says Littleton, considered today the father of the studio-glass movement. "I was just certain that it could." Littleton found his space ("It was a garage on the grounds of the Toledo Museum of Art") and began working with his friend Homestead Latties, who was director of research for J.W. Marbles Corporation, to develop a small glass-blowing furnace, well-suited for a studio, and a low-melting point for glass. The rest, as they say, is history.

Like a true patriarch and teacher, Littleton has made for aya-makurodai all the forms and techniques he has created: a cold-glass dry-serve, with cold-overlays fused to a core of clear crystal, an exploded and exploded series, with collapsing walls and uneven thicknesses of glass; a red and calice series, simply long blown forms that drift the top and bottom, a series of folded forms and loops that evolved by bending the tubes, and, most recently, multiple-form structures that combine in many as eight small pieces to create a whole. Every time the artist faces the glass, there are changes, says Littleton, who says his "a form that has not yet taken form." His work may sell for about \$4,000.

GLASS CONSCIOUSNESS

Douglas Heller thinks it's not a bad idea for any serious collector to "blow the glass" by taking a course in glassblowing. Heller himself took such a course at the New York Experimental Glass Workshop, producing "a closet full of lounge bowls." Jerry Raphael has taken several glassblowing courses and says, humbly, "Now I know."

Unlike a decade ago, studio glass may now be found at the who handles money best handles cash. For an example, the man who recently signed his name on a restaurant check outstudded the man who paid out a wallet or a lot of bills. There is something a little vulgar about nickel cash. But it goes even deeper than that.

Alison Lurie contends that a lady's handbag converts cash (information about her—a slightly closed purse reflects stoicism/privacy), an open-top tote bag suggests accessibility. I think that the way men deal with cash is part as meaningful as another. Why. Cash is money, money is power, and power is sexual. Therefore, a man who fashions a lot of cash is credibly establishing his sexual credentials, whereas a man more secure infuses his handbag with like a poker hand and discreetly signs not just the right number of bills without ever letting on how

—See **Illustration**

like columns, pilasters, and other forms. The exposed areas are sandblasted, and copper patinas are applied, giving the pieces the look of ancient Chinese bronzes. They may sell for \$3,000 to \$14,000. Mengle, Jervis and Susan Kremser use a two-dimensional image—a profile—to describe three-dimensional forms. Their works of etched plate glass, cut and fused to represent vines, patterns, insects, and other still-life motifs, are brightly colored infusions. Total pieces that may go for \$800 to \$4,500.

The art is now sold on the Internet, through art galleries, and through web sites, sell for less. They include RockKaleidoscopes, Steven DeVra, Doug Anderson, Amy Roberts, Hank Adams, and Derek Braden.

THE GLASS CONSCIOUSNESS

For Ian New York collector William Shandor Stewart never left his house in the evening in it and, without first having his valet iron his rumpled dagger-money flat. The impeccably dressed Mr. Stewart, who was a member of the elite Four Hundred, understood an important subtlety about money: that a man reveals as much about himself in the way he handles cash as he does by his choice of shirt and tie.

Because of growing inflation, if you accept the notion that he who handles money best handles cash, then an example of the man who really signs his name on a restaurant check outstudded the man who paid out a wallet or a lot of bills. There is something a little vulgar about nickel cash. But it goes even deeper than that.

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CLASSICS The Wallet



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTOPHER HEDDERSON FOR *ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY*

many more he has. For what it's worth, the motion a man makes in flinging back toward the hip—arching back toward the hip—in toward the chest—are the same motions a man makes in going for a gun.

With the exception of those who are extremely old and night by staff Chevrons of the United States, corporate executives, and members of the Rothschild royal family, who carry money as a matter of protocol, all of us have to carry at least a little money on us. And the more delicious way to do it is with a wallet.

The wallet should be handcarved of genuine leather and not holding with papers, receipts, and credit cards. The proliferation of plastic cards is a phenomenon I'd never understand. No one really needs more than two or three. Most specialty shops that issue their own like acetate, the major cards, so what you do when you carry a stack of them is to turn your wallet into a materal.

Wolfs has observed many collectors over the past ten years. "What strikes everyone sooner or later is that this handbag, this glorious and often expensive work of art, carburetor and, no, lime, and lead—ingredients that are as common as dirt." They art

like columns, pilasters, and other forms. The exposed areas are sandblasted, and copper patinas are applied, giving the pieces the look of ancient Chinese bronzes. They may sell for \$3,000 to \$14,000. Mengle, Jervis and Susan Kremser use a two-dimensional image—a profile—to describe three-dimensional forms. Their works of etched plate glass, cut and fused to represent vines, patterns, insects, and other still-life motifs, are brightly colored infusions. Total pieces that may go for \$800 to \$4,500.

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Man At His Best

common sight after the Second World War when men started going soft at the elbow. However, looks of the more conservative trend seem to be winning: pocket mugs still have, and breast-pocket wallets are selling better than they have in many years.

An at-style, smooth leather is always best. You can find soft, simple, and beautifully made calfskin, kid, and nappa wallets for \$50 and up at Coach & Prager, Lissner, and Mark Cross in New York.

GOOD THINKING I'm Okay, You're a Maître d'

The book of *Eating Out: Fine Places Dining in Elite Restaurants*, by John F. Mariani (Wiley, Morrow, \$7.95), is a sort of culinary Rosetta stone that allows its reader to venture into any local Moroccan bistro, for example, order a plate of *Kabob* (shish kebab) and know all confidence to expect "an octopus-shaped patisson filled with shrimp puree." Just as important, the reader will have gained an instant familiarity with the clientele names and falcons of Morocco: he will remember that "it is considered quite legitimate to eat with one's fingers from a *coupe-plat*" and that "a real Moroccan dish will be served in a tureen where the meat has had time to soak, seep, and bones right on the table."

Eating Out is also a confidence-inducing self-help guide for the uninitiated restaurant-goer—a *Four & Twenty Sausage Zester* for the person who's never known when/where to sit, and how much to tip. Of course, most readers respect it as the chapter on French restaurants (featuring "Four Odeons of Closed-on-Sunday") and ending to a punch line from a by-now-classic *I Love Lucy* episode. Here Mariani sets in chapter of the down trodden dunder—thus unknown rate indented who, throughout

The most highly prized—and highly priced—are safe credit cards, which, to catch up on a recent trend, you get, unfortunately, in an instant crocodile's stomach wrapped around your money-burden. Stick with simpler leather. Or freeze the whole thing and do what one world-famous Italian influence-magnetic does: have your waiter hand you a plain white envelope each day with twenty or thirty crisp hundred-dollar bills inside. —John Berenst

THE DRINKING MAN How Old Is It?



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT M. COOPER FOR TIME

There is this thing we do at the table with a view of the drink with numbers written on it. With shrewd self, Mariani looks on: "Ten Okay. You're a Maître d'." Note: "The trouble comes when the management has not French waiters and waitstaff but Americans who think they are better than their job description and carry around with them an absurd amount of ultra-French pretense... running the menu spreads in a French or relentlessly romanticized, in a sound like Andy Griffith doing an impression of Charles Boyer."

In the end, Mariani's book is more an informative guide than one that will tell you where to sit or how much to tip. It is, however, a guide that will serve you under at your favorite Club next to entry in from a real bistro's next door, Virginia, 441, and whether that thousand-year-old egg dish contains saffron that's never had a calendar printed and sterilized (no, it does not). *Eating Out* is, in effect, a restaurant-goer's *Encyclopedia Britannica*, a knowing compilation of the politics of dining. Reading the book, one cannot help but imagine Mariani—the last bastion of the ethno-restaurant-test-something-tough-in-a-Japanese-restaurant, prepared for the unusualities of a second-rate establishment: "Make my day."

First off, some spans (that is, distilled alcoholic potables, as distinct from wine), general knowledge most notable among them, aren't aged et al. They are bottled shortly after distillation, and their quality doesn't change to crater bars long they sit on the shelf. Many spirits—most, in fact—are aged in the oak, which means that after distillation they are stored for varying numbers of years in wooden casks or barrels. The barrels are porous and changes in the distillate come about as a result of both

its reaction with the barrel wood and with the air. As a result, it doesn't matter to the barista. His job is fine; when it is announced, an age will often read on the bottle label.

However, the age of a spirit is merely one of its characteristics. Like the alcoholic proof, it's a bit of a red herring. In general, cask aging serves the function of evolving the product, making it smoother, less harsh, less brashness on the tongue. It's a necessary one distiller is pretty hasty, unskilled stuff. By law all Scotchians, for example, are aged at least three years, none can enter the United States that haven't been matinated (at least four). It's a bit of a legal technicality that Scotchians are aged longer than the law demands to attain plausibility. But length of aging is determined by other factors: the quality of grain and water, for example, and the natural maturation in the process of distillation itself. It is a part of the production equation. And Scotchians are produced purposefully to conform to a variety of degrees of identity and refreshment.

In a first distiller, like George, roundness and softness are universally valued, and hence the age of a Cognac may be construed to be more of a cumulative quality than is the case with grain whiskies.

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Man At His Best

Crash aging improves Dogmatism for roughly half a century, but the risk of overaging and the inevitable loss due to competition make production of Dogmas of such longevity impractical. The oldest Dogmas produced in any quantity are between twenty-five and forty years old.

For the consumer, however, determining the age of bottled Cognac is not simple. That is because all bottles are blends of Cognac that have been aged separately and for different terms and then married, often for least one year. The United States Bureau of Alcohol and Tobacco Control has recommended, instead, the labels are marked according to what is known as a code. A Hauseur label Cognac may be a minimum of two years old, meaning that the youngest Cognac in the blend has been at least two years enclosed. Cognac label WO, VSOP, or Reserve are blended from Cognac at least four years old, and Extra, Napoleon, or Vieille Reserve, from those at least five and nine. It should also be said that Cognacs from different barrels are present in order to the expressiveness of the individual barrels, and thus year production ought to be the ultimate source of quality.

VINTAGE WISDOM

Unlike spirits, when villages are in the bottle, that is, when they are on stage now, you see them. Wine writers, because of their natural dislikes, are more likely to be exercised when they are relatively young, generally within three years of the vintage. Reds, whether and heartily, are more lovely, and it isn't singular for a red wine's maturation to soon decline. Many wine guides include estimates of the time required for particular wines to reach their goals, but it is difficult to propose general guidelines. Actually, this is a period of change and experimentation in the wine industry; many reds from France and Italy, for example, are now being produced according to winemaking processes that have only emerged since the mid-1970s. It is not unusual to see

—Bruce Weber

BIBLIOPHILIA
Who's In in Art



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In a later issue, when guardians of the public taste wanted to debase an avant-garde art movement, they simply said that a cat collector a century ago learned these道理 from the Impressionists. Matisse and his followers were then labeled "the cat people of the art des Beaux-Arts." The event's chief did effect big damage, but a seemingly dead who was most likely to suggest the search dogs into the collectors' homes.

and policies that Matson.

But in the past half-decade unprecedented numbers of activists have been marching at the gates, and more than ever are getting in. The proliferation of grassroots galleries in places like Manhattan's Lower East Side has pressured established collectors to take chances on politically informed talents. The results have been by turns refreshing and disastrous—as is often the case with American rebellions. It's hard to tell whether we're witnessing a democratic ground swell or a rash of the *weak links*.

But how much of that era's art *does* remain? Much of it is fine, some of it will last. *New Art* is a good place to start acquainting & us, and the only place to see what's hap- pening all at once. ■



In this city, more than just the streets
are paved with gold.



On one of pieces - around the city of audio of permanence. Portion of values you
and proudly with three were getto cyphers. 10-war, streetcar-base two one 10-kilometer distance, 1999
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THE SEASONED COOK

A Shrimp by Any Other Name



I don't know what happened to the original concept of this dish called scampi, but the popular restaurant version has become an elegant plate of shrimp sautéed in a buttery blanc with a splash of wine. Guess we're the days of old Nando's in West Palm Beach, when the scampi was served in coarse sautéing with enough butter and garlic to drown a wet bathrobe, a dish so ridiculous that the lauded party of neighboring Boca Beach ventured across the lake for a regular fix.

Of course, the very name is a conundrum, as a scampi and a shrimp are two different decapods, or ten-legged crustaceans. The authentic scampi are actually longbeetle, unique and diminutive members of the lobster family. A scampi doesn't resemble a shrimp, it has the hardly armoured body of a Maine lobster but with pencil-thin, actually toothless claws. They are often identified with European waters—they're known by such designations as Norway lobster, Danish lobster, Dublin Bay prawn, the French langouste, or the Spanish espina—lobsters are found on all the continental shelves of the world, oceans to depths of 4,500 feet. Unfortunately,

fresh scampi shrimp have an off-putting ammonia odor, don't hesitate to use peeled ones when buying if the crustaceans appear to be separating from the shell. There are at least seven different species of shrimp in our market, and they vary in shell color according to species; this is not criterion of quality, it's simply a reflection of seasonal abundance and distribution.

For six people, you will need thirty-six scampi and one pound of linguine verdi. The first step, and the only time-consuming one, is to cut each shrimp vertically, so it can be easily butterflied. Use a sharp paring knife. With a sharp pointed knife, pierce the shrimp from end to end on the underside without cutting through the shell. With the pinches of both hands on the dorsal side, pop the meat up so it sits on the cut surface, which is now heat slightly upward in the middle. If a blue or black filament is visible and is aesthetically displeasing, pluck it out. This scampi is perfectly edible, though many wild scampi of vitamins in the form of carotenoid astaxanthins. Don't remove the legs. The object of butterflying is to loosen and expose as much of the meat as possible to the sauce, when up in ordinary fashion, the cut surface is often hidden in the carcasses, and if you butterfly the shell completely, it'll look like cat food when composed with the pasta.

There are two other things to know about this recipe. I have a pair round herb garden outside my kitchen window and there's no question that fresh is best, but if you do fall back on dried substitutes for oregano, basil, and tarragon, you can simply by using the ubiquitous Spice Islands brand Herb Sammington, one and a half teaspoons is just. And while two tablespoons of minced garlic may sound like an overdo, it becomes mild when cooked in liquid for ten minutes. Indeed, leftovers of the but may well use those tablespoons for the melted butter.

In a sautépan just three-quarters cup melted butter. Add one-quarter cup olive oil,

two tablespoons canned picante, two tablespoons lemon juice, one-half teaspoon dry mustard, one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, one-quarter teaspoon crushed dried red pepper, one teaspoon each minced fresh basil, minced fresh basil, and minced fresh tarragon, one-quarter teaspoon salt, and two tablespoons minced parsley. Mix well and simmer over low heat until the garlic is browned. Turn off the heat.

Toss each shrimp by the tail and wipe in the mixture so that each is well coated, and arrange them side by side, flesh side down, in a shallow baking pan. Add one-half cup Chablis to the sautépan and bring to a boil, then simmer for ten minutes. Spoon all of the sauce over the shrimp, making certain that garlic bits and herb clinging to the meat. At this point you can set the pan aside if dinner is an hour or two away, or place it in the refrigerator for longer periods. For that matter, this can all be done a day in advance.

When ready to cook, preheat the oven to 400 degrees and simultaneously bring water to a boil in your pasta pot. The shrimp will take exactly seven minutes and the linguine eight minutes for both to be at done. Drain the pasta and linguine, and add in the center of each sauté pan, leaving a margin for the shrimp. Arrange the crustaceans with shells pointing outward at equal intervals around the linguine. Spoon the remaining sauce over the pasta and sprinkle with freshly grated Parmesan. About both pasta and shrimp with finely chopped parsley and serve. The crustaceans can be taken by the tail and eaten with the hands; if you do it this way, provide a communal bowl for the shells.

I usually accompany scampi

with a sautéed or watercress salad with a simple vinegar dressing. As for wine, you need a light and, if red is preferred, and for this I suggest a Chianti Classico Riserva (by Castello di San Polo Rosso 1978, or for a white, Gavi di Gavi 1983. A white sorbet is a fitting choice.

—A. J. McElroy



Where Gentle Strength Triumphs



Produced by Giorgio Armani Studio and distributed by Armani International. Photography: Peter Lindbergh.



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GIORGIO ARMANI

SPECIAL PLACES

Six Great Ways to Get out of the Sun



Family At Home: Jameson's Jamaican residence. Inside was a 100-seat library.

No matter how inviting you find the beaches and warm coasts, castles and duty-free shops, there comes a day in every island visit when the mind craves out the something more. That's the time to seek out the cooler side of the Caribbean, though not always easy to locate, yachts mounting mounds of rum and history, often in more or less staged settings.

FIREFLY
PORT MARIA, JAMAICA

From the mid-Fifties to his death in 1973, Noel Coward made this enchanting hilltop house his winter hideaway, and now it's operated as a museum by Jamaica National Trust. There is nothing stately or haughty about the cultural treasure; it's as if the master of the house were still his smoking jacket waiting for you to drop by for a smoke. Foothills, up a paved road above Port Maria on the north coast, looks pretty much as Coward left it. In the sitting room of the airy, two-story house above his sun-paneled study and checkered and a pitch-pane floor, worn albums and sheet music lie on top of the crystal piano. "Blithe, sweet, 'Luck Be a Lady,' 'The Millionairess,'" with Donald

GREENWOOD
GREAT HOUSE
MONTego BAY, JAMAICA

There are larger West Indian plantation houses and some with richer furnishings, but Greenwood has an unmatchable atmosphere, a seat blending of then and now. East of Montego Bay you leave the coastal highway and follow a winding dirt road, up where the John Crow heathens used to grow, past a gnarled coral block house set in an acre of tropical blooms and vines. Greenwood was built by the family of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, prosperous plantation owners who controlled eighty-four thousand acres and two thousand slaves. The sugar plantation was bought and revised nine years ago by Bob and Ann Betton—he a Jamaican who is an Englishman he met while in school in London.

The Bettons have another

house on the grounds, but they use Greenwood for entertainment, sleeping the second-floor bedroom, and open for tourists at 9:00 a.m. daily. "They have to jump up early," says one of the guides. Maria Joret, who deploys the bedrooms, revealing a 21-foot-beamed dining room and a modern bathroom behind a closed door. Guests are led to hand out Jamaican great houses, and Greenwood is no exception.

"He sat in the corner away from the window so the house wouldn't blow his hair up," quacks a screen from the sitting room, past antique and native books, exposed in the hallway run, like a simple gate-roofed government oil well-covered roof is 10 feet, 100 yards from the sea.

"He lived things very simple," says Mrs. Fraser, who recalls that one of his favorite dishes was macaroni and cheese. "He drank whisky," Brady, with a genial quirk.

Another literary spark still very much alive on the north coast is that of Ian Fleming, good friend and enemy of Noel Coward. Fleming's house, Goldeneye, which sits on a semi-cleft near the village of Oracabessa, may be rented throughout the year by special arrangement; tourists have the service of his longtime maid, Vesta, from

NELSON'S DOCKYARD

Marlboro, N.J., the almost mythical small town, spent some 20-plus sailing years in the West Indies and during the

1780s commanded a dockyard run by the high green walls of the English Harbour. Admirable remnants of the two-acre grounds is bringing back the sights, sounds, and smells of the colorful if crude days of Captain Cook's Mys- ter. Separate is perhaps the model, but the restorers, led by Ted Staines and his team from England, are after some thing finer and less contrived.

So the hatched visitors will go on sailing their plan of bananas and coconuts on the bay by the quarry where gleaming yachts from Miami, Toronto, Greenwich, and Lake Tahoe are lined up like fortresses in front of Carter.

Near the walled entrance two

diverse

in the shade of sea

wood trees playing games of war, an ancient African version of chess. Staines and his crew have turned the entire Officer's Quarters—a sprawling two-story stone building near the quarry—and rows of shacks and huts—operated by young local talent earning cast-off screen T shirts, pottery, fabrics, and history goods. "There will be quietness and beauty while retelling names now standard of it," the developers say, in Gear-gion good taste.

NELSON MUSEUM
MORNING STAR, TEXAS

Lord Nelson's lawyer left his mark on sleepy Little Neos on March 22, 1797. That was the day he married Frances Belcher (Frances Nelson), a young island widow, under a silk cotton tree at Montpelier Battle. The tree and courtship name are still there, and a register in a nearby roadside church records the event, but it was left to a Philadelphia lawyer named Robert Atkinson to flesh out the Nelson saga. Atkinson, a laconic master of history—though strange to say, not particularly an admirer of Nelson's—has spent two decades piecing together the story. Today signs, small scenes, oil paintings, a case with a Napoleon in one end, and a George Washington's traveling baggage. All of this Nelson memorabilia is on view daily in a little stone building at

COURVOISIER
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Man At His Best

Morning Star, a lovely wind-swept plantation. Abacaxi has restored his winter use.

OLD SAN JUAN PUERTO RICO

This was a sprawling colonial ghetto until the mid-1950s, when Operation Bootstrap began to renew the ancient walled city, building by building. Today some call it a Caribbean Soddy. West Broadway should be fattened. Old San Juan is bare save on foot, and a good place to start is a retired Dominican convert that houses the Institute of Puerto Rican Culture, overseen of the restoration. In the convent's chiseled pata, students strum guitars, sing, high-pitched guitars that cause to Puerto Rico three octaves

ago and have undergone a renaissance since the Sixties. Next door, on the Plaza de San José, a colio man sells from a tiny shop colorful linens. In the Puerto Rican Museum, one can view in plain chaste and lifelike television performances of any page, played at the Cradle Festival over the years. La Fortaleza, though it functions as the governor's residence, is open to casual inspection. The family dog is often at the gate to greet visitors. Donsing the Old San José is El Marro, the sun-dappled larva of turtles, dragonflies, and sunbeams. On the surrounding green, children fly kites in the bright ocean larvae, kick soccer balls, and play Soddy was never like this.

—David Butwin

PRACTICAL MATTERS

Flower of Civilization



There was a time not so long ago when we got married, we'd dream of going out in public unless we were wearing a hat, a watch and chain, and a bowtie. Now and then, fashion's arbiters measure the present passing of one or all of these. Some of them don't measure at all, however, because we've never given them up. Highly or moderately. And these other accessories don't stop sleep that you're a hip or a dandy. They only guarantee that you can look good appearance.

None more so than the bowtie, a tasteful enough or

sewing the lapel. Putting a flower to your coat isn't an sheets, holding that next to your skin you're probably wearing polyester-trimmed with tabs. The moon of the bowtie—bowtie, it's often called—basically are made of chevrons, bowtie's buttons. Like of the valley, I like small mouth, barely open or fully opened small roses. Any flower larger than an inch in diameter need not be concerned, but that's a matter of taste, lapel width, and the like. If you stop at a florist, he will make a posie himself complete with a leaf or two. Backhand and put it on, but that doesn't happen, and complicated. The best bowtie's come from a garden, or in winter a blooming heiseplant tall of men do.

A bowtie's seldom lasts longer than a day. To keep it

arrangements (one bloom is as soon since the Sixties. Next year, on the Plaza de San José, a colio man sells from a tiny shop colorful linens. In the Puerto Rican Museum, one can view in plain chaste and lifelike television performances of any page, played at the Cradle Festival over the years. La Fortaleza, though it functions as the governor's residence, is open to casual inspection. The family dog is often at the gate to greet visitors. Donsing the Old San José is El Marro, the sun-dappled larva of turtles, dragonflies, and sunbeams. On the surrounding green, children fly kites in the bright ocean larvae, kick soccer balls, and play Soddy was never like this.

—David Butwin

In these days the most common boutonniere is a carnation, usually white, but sometimes red. Now and then you'd see a rose. Carnations are still the most common boutonniere. I never wear a carnation and never expect to. With its softly reflexed proune petals, it's a rather plain-looking boutonniere, all the more so if it's reflexively worn by people in a wedding party. When the vestigial lapel bowtie is removed, as is often the case, on these gaily round boutonnieres, a carnation's stamens are passed through the loop of the lapel, much as if a sandwich were wrapped around a slice. A flower's stem is necessary to sustain it but rarely adds nothing to its beauty.

THE RIGHT FLOWER
If you rule out carnations, what flowers are best for boutonnieres? Small tuberos are fine, as are miniature chrysanthemums, bowtie's buttons. Like of the valley, I like small mouth, barely open or fully opened small roses. Any flower larger than an inch in diameter need not be concerned, but that's a matter of taste, lapel width, and the like. If you stop at a florist, he will make a posie himself complete with a leaf or two. Backhand and put it on, but that doesn't happen, and complicated. The best bowtie's come from a garden, or in winter a blooming heiseplant tall of men do.

A bowtie's seldom lasts longer than a day. To keep it

fresh and bright, and to strengthen a fragile stem, I do this: I unsnap a strip of paper towel and roll it around the flower's stem for a half an inch, which should be about two inches long. Then I roll the mentioned paper in a bit of thin aluminum foil, making a tight, sturdy envelope to the flower. Finally I spike the wrapped stem gently through my lapel buttonhole, making sure the flower lies flat and soft on the lapel, and pin a blot through the stem and foil—that is, to the inner surface of the lapel only. The easiest pin to use is one of those with a round, emerald head. Voilà!

If you're busy, you can orderline corsages. I don't, although I used to order them. The important thing is to have a tasteful splash of nature on your lapel. Unless you have a greenhouse or patiosphere, a barn, butterflies obviously are seasonal. I generally am able to find something no matter what the season, if only lists, a catalog of many offerings. We have an ornamental shrub at the side of the house that in summer bears clusters of small cones, and a sprig, cones and all, is rustic and elegant on a twined pocket. Around Christmas time it's even prettier than a sprig of holly or transvaal on your lapel.

Wearing a boutonniere on an overcoat or topcoat seems a bit fussy and gauche to me, but I may well be too conservative. A problem with overcoats, though, is that they tend to crush buttonholes especially when you shrug the overcoat off or on. Marine d's, department store department, and the staffs of understanding establishments traditionally wear boutonnieres, usually carnations. Since I never wear a carnation, I have avoided using carnations when I tell me they sometimes encounter. People ask them for a table for six, which floor the housewaives are on, or which press are reserved for the family.

Be very mouth right there to avoid carnations.

—Robert Cochran

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AMERICAN BEAT

BY BOB GREENE

ONE NIGHT WITH YOU

A visit with Carolyn Park, a woman of means

THE ONLY woman I know in Chicago, Sugar Rayburn, was on the newspaper staff when I was there, having her photographs taken for a magazine assignment. She stopped by my office.

She asked me what I was up to, and I said that I was about to embark on a trip to various cities. I said that I wasn't especially looking forward to the trip, as many of the cities where I'd be staying, I didn't know anyone.

"What ones?" she said.

"Oh, Houston," I began.

"Houston?" she said,

her eyes brightening. She reached for my telephone.

"May 10?" she said.

She dialed a long-distance number. "Carolyn?" she said. "I'm sending you a train." This had a beat on Houston. Sugar landed on the telephone, across the room I spoke with Carolyn, whom I had never seen. She'd waited for me to call her when I got to Houston.

After I had hung up, I asked Sugar what I was that I had been talking to.

"Her name is Carolyn Park," Sugar said.

"And who's that?" I said.

"You may have read about her," Sugar said. "She's the woman who got the \$30-million divorce settlement in Houston. I thought about that for a moment."

"Not the woman with the closet?" I said.

"Well... yes," Sugar said.

"My God," I said.

THESE ARE very few magazine stories I remember precisely, but there was no forgetting the story in *People* magazine about Carolyn Park's closet. Actually, the *People* story was about rich people's closets as general, but the story had referred to Carolyn Park in the "Queen of closets."

The story had said that Mrs. Park's closet took up over thousand square feet—"more than some three-bedroom homes," according to *People*. Her closet consisted of six rooms, including one equipped with a sofa, a telephone, and a table, presumably



chicken from the broiler because she hates cheese. I presented her with the bill, and bought her three people over. And when he went on trips, I always packed her bags myself.

MY PLANE arrived in Houston early in the evening. I always feel lonely when I walk into a strange airport.

I walked over to the bank of pay phones. I dialed the number that Sugar Rayburn had given me.

"Mrs. Park, this is Bob Greene," I said. "We talked on the phone when Sugar called you."

I asked her if she would like to have a drink. She said that might be all right.

"Maybe you could swing by my hotel after I check in, and we could just go down to the lobby and have a drink in the hotel bar," I said.

"Where are you staying?" she asked.

I told her the name of the hotel. There was a pause.

"That is definitely not a place for me," she said.

"I told her I'd call her when I arrived at the hotel and checked in, and she said that would be fine."

LARRIVED at the hotel. It was lively and modern. I got to my room and I dialed Carolyn Park's number again. I planned on calling her that the hotel was cleaned up in a nice neighborhood and really quite agreeable for a quick drink.

But before I could tell her anything, she said, "I've sent my security men to pick you up."

"Your security men?" I said.

"Yes," she said. "He should be pulling up to the hotel any minute. But I didn't know who to tell him to look for. I have no idea what you look like."

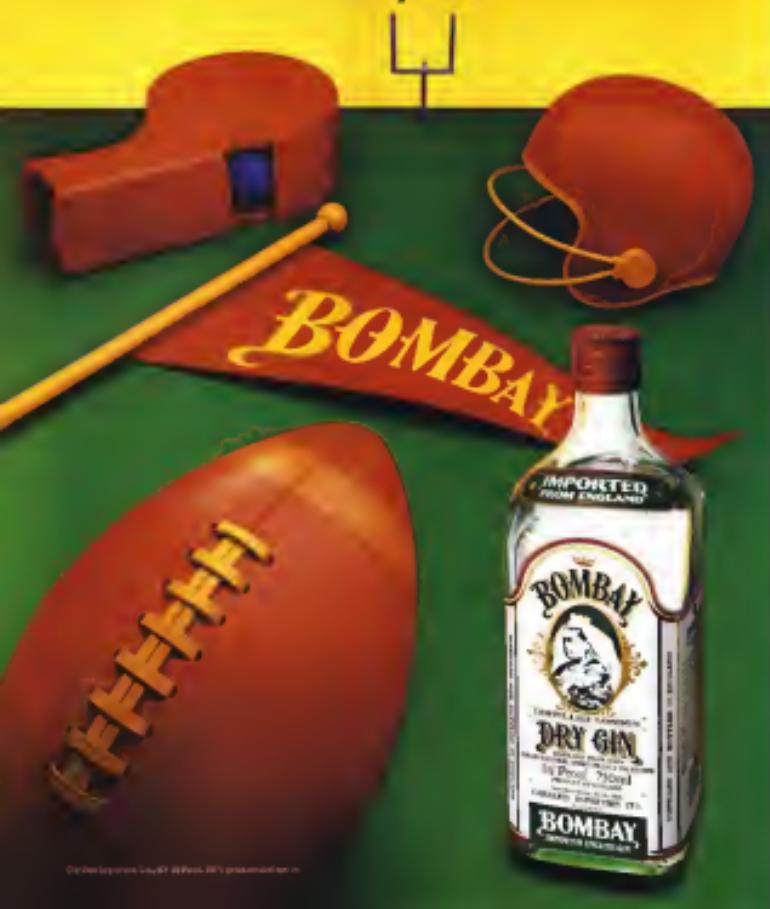
"I try to keep fit of course," I said.

"Well, his name is Warren," she said. "He's the driving editor of *Playboy* or a Silver Shadow. Sophie Reyon."

"Okay," I said.

Imported from England. Slowly gently distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits. Pour it around.

Play to win.



ETHICS

BY HARRY STEIN

RISING ABOVE MALAISE

It's all a matter of looking outward rather than inward

"THIS PAPER has been sent to you for good luck," begins the letter, composed on five-hole bondpaper, in what I took to be an adolescent hand and postmarked Toledo, Ohio. "The original copy is in New England. It has been around the world nine times. The luck has now been sent to you...."

My correspondent had evidently been having trouble with his pen, for the ink had suddenly become green. "You will receive good luck within ten days of receiving this letter providing you in turn send it on. This is so joke...."

Who was this person? How had he gotten my address? I crumpled the page and tested it with my pen. It would not stop short of my ambitions, for magazine subscriptions and travel stories, and the like, addressed to my three-year-old daughter, her contributions to the dragon-rectangle effort.

But a moment later I found myself recommending Good Luck. God knows I could use some of that. I mean, between the way my novel was lying on the suitcase shelves and the way the mortgage kept creeping due to the ongoing war with the plaster and the tinges emanating from the statesmen in Washington, life had taken on a particularly giddy sort of late.

On the one hand, there's a certain drivel.

It was in elementary school that I learned that.

"But, boy, on the other hand, what would have? I could run right over to the Kress's stationery place on the corner, make up at twelve photographs of the things, and what would it cost me—luck, maybe?"

For a full ten seconds I weighed the unconvincing proposition, going back and forth, the way Dennis Duke, an agent Dennis on one shoulder and a devil possible on the other, used to grapple with moral issues.

That I ultimately failed to do my bit in convincing the chump was, I'm afraid, less a matter of high-mindedness or even sanity than of pragmatism; on retrieving the thing

from the waste-basket, I discovered that I was being asked to shew twenty copies, each in my own hand.

Now this was certainly an uncertain moment in the midst of a particularly lousy period, one of those times in which it's likely to consider the plausibility of my excuse batch that presents itself. In fact, a couple of weeks later, finding myself on assignment with the news in a restaurant nearby, I was having just such a consideration of life choices.

My money was on the opposite three-day dry (and much better chew than I'd imagined) but with a private cell featuring a TV and a radio, plus all the reading material he desired—I actually left the alle afternoon house—I actually left the alle afternoon house—I actually left the alle afternoon house.

IT WAS 100 years ago, during the adolescence of the Industrial Revolution, that Thomas made his famous observation about the mass of hunched leading lines of quiet desperation." And so, at that time,

they unceasingly fell, often in spite of the fundamental mechanics, ceaselessly struggling against circumstances they understood would never change. Any comparison of that age with that one—a mass of loose competitors, Toftlets, and a greater variety of "adverbs." For the choosing that Toft could have drummed up is a picante high—it is bound to be correct. Yet in all the basic ways, we seem what we have always been, and in no sense more so than in the frequency with which we feel upsets, overwhelmed by the world around us, and gone this to do very much about.

In fact, an age increasingly dominated by an yielding institutional landscape, one in which the impulse to fight back in itself is to be thwarted not only by the sheer concentration of power of the other side but by its very imperviousness. That's while it's more pervasive than ever before. Somewhat unsure of ourselves to begin with, we are, most of us, made since aware of our impotency by nothing more than the particulars of daily life, by our dealings with the phone company and the autocrats of the IRS, by its explicitly being denied credit or finding ourselves assigned to work by a decision from corporate headquarters—but, even by having our assas unaccounted for the sixth time this week by some anonymous schmuck on the telephone.

For puritans, souls of the greatest gregariousness, there is also someone at a withdrawal with big plans for themselves and fond hopes for society at large—the fact of finding ourselves shelling out in a world that refuses to conform to our expectations is especially upsetting. This is not, after all, the way it was supposed to be. Anything was going to be within our power; it had not been only our parents who had told us so, but the Presidents, too. Cato and, for a while, his successors at every level of government. I never legal ago, seemingly a Melville ago,

THE WORLD CAN BE MADE LESS OPPRESSIVE, EVEN MORE HUMANE, BY THOSE OF US WHO REFUSE TO GIVE UP ON IT—OR ON OURSELVES. POWERLESSNESS IS, FINALLY, A MATTER OF CHOICE.

when Lyndon Johnson, that wretched tramp of the Kennedy legacy, announced that he would not seek reelection, driven from office by the growing peace movement, and my anguish, like anguish throughout the nation, erupted in a spasm of naked self-congratulation, with strident flaggers strutting about in "We're VJ Day all over again." When the human clarity, however, of our alternative options remained, as far as resolution was over, we gave in to a sense of emotional fatigue, watching a winning ticket turn up in the lottery paper.

A similar process played itself out during the recent presidential campaign. For most of us, the growing inevitability of the result elicited a gloom that in the end was paralyzing. If this is truly the way it is in this country, we seemed to collectively sulk. (Ever? considering the possibility that the ill-lunging opponents of so many Reagan voters might itself reflect an underlying desperation of comparable depth, then when is the time for effort? "I begin to think," I actually heard one contemporary mumble during that period, in a variation on a suddenly common theme, "that nuclear war has its plusses." The world is beyond repair. Why not start pushing the button, save the skin alive, and let someone else start out fresh in a couple of million years?)

THOUGH IT is many a little discouraging to truly feel indecisive, drag along, and bemoan one's lot in society, the reality of the sort-of-the-every-and-bug-book deals—it is at least natural that they are being seen for what they are: manifestations to feelings of profound incapacity. But what constitutes to be far less well understood is the extent to which almost all of us, to one degree or another, share those feelings. In a society in which the notion that each of us should be master of his own destiny is allegedly preordained, yet in which, for most of us, such a thing is not even remotely in the cards, such feelings should not even be viewed as surprising.

To be sure, we tend to expand our breath with energy as racing against changing life circumstances. We are, as they used to say in the movies, only little people, and we accept our lot pretty much as did our forebears, letting our frustrations or our fears—or perhaps, chafing a bit on our backs, but with every other sense of equanimity.

We seem, in fact, in staggering numbers to have come to the conclusion that our last, best—hell, our only—hope of assuaging the crushing weight of the world lies only in the contemporary equivalent of an act of providence. "How I am," as a

friend of mine puts it, "making more money than I'd ever thought possible, and I'm trapped economically. I'm telling you, the only way out is to win the lottery."

Even as we recognize such a policy to be futile, maybe even a bit demeaning, even as some of us laugh at ourselves for pursuing it, we keep at it, heading off to the lottery counter with savings at large every Saturday morning, giddy whoopee of someone catching a winning ticket turns up in the lottery paper.

Increasingly, however, whopassable choices are being by the same mentality. Everywhere around us we see upon individuals once imbued by scholars at least a healthy equanimity with convention, who are now found on the easy screen. Too practical, or cynical, to harbor such pangs of choice or any of the god-awful quick books that have suddenly plagued the market, they seek out their world in a somewhat more plausible—but in a sense, more exhilarating—feeling. They have, for instance, lately made a growth industry of those one-night sessions held around hamster mousie couch to down up in real estate with no money down. Know a psychologist on the West Coast, a widow who once loved her wife, who recently hit upon what she considers a superb market: charging top executives \$100 per hour to realize the conflicts interfering with their love lives. Or the Upper West Side of Manhattan where there are now a dozen or more writers who don't write books, or novels, or even accompanying sequels, they simply jump down—everywhoo and then try to claim a wad of wad to turn them into a few million dollars.

The only all of this is not just that for the vast majority of these people there will be no payoff, it is in the obvious depth of their malaise. Even most of those whose best hopes for themselves somehow can go out well, in a more fundamental sense, come up empty. For, in the end, the money hunger so obviously rampant in this society right now mirrors an equally profound bankruptcy of the spirit, an aching need to be somehow empowered that can never be sated by dollars. As the rich ruy themselves down over and over again, money buys nothing more than stuff.

Given well-being, in stark contrast, a matter of the heart and the guts, of a decided commitment to ideals, of striving, of, in conventional terms, not just having a success—but for a long moment he made to say, "These probably won't be one's to repeat again." But at least I have the book here.

—MORTIMER ZEINER is the author of *Others Just Like Us* (published by St. Martin's Press).

few returning pasts, and millions of dollars, and I'll be dead."

Most of us, though, on some level, to that end. And yet, somehow, belief of alternative, we persist in aspiring to the version of fulfillment set out by the advertisers—and in regarding ourselves as inadequate for failing to achieve it.

This is probably, though, not well known to be the case. We are, in fact, more indolent, more indecisive, literally millions of dollars, rest on our remaining silent, on our home so deftly ruled by yesterday broad and circuses that, even while sensing the depth of our own distress, we will be unable to act in meaningful self-defense. This is another of the silent tragedies of the age, the reason, as psychologist Marilyn Rosen points, depression has become "our national mental disease."

But, too, something else is clear, though, paradoxically, a tiny bit at a time, the world can be made less oppressive, even more humane, by those of us who refuse to give up on it—or on ourselves. Possessiveness is, finally, a matter of choice and, so, too, is capability. Each of us, even in times as lousy as these—in discerning, acknowledging, as characterized by tandem irreversibly—but the option, there, for the taking, of passing his life in something quite the opposite of quiet desperation.

A few months back, around the time I was going such sober consideration to childhood and its natural arts, I happened to meet an old friend of my father's, displaced in New York, entering a conference aimed at generating tolerance. It was, in fact, this fellow who, over coffee, made me aware of the classification by Joseph Loney noted above. It appeared in this day's paper, had a dozen paragraphs into Loney's obituary.

"A doctor," I know says he reads the obits to find out how his patients are doing, "the guy noted with a smile." I read them for inspiration."

Not, of course, that he seemed to need any. Never have I known anyone more committed to more warmly enterprises than our old galas work to make on wheels, than working for a nuclear freeze to bringing for better libraries. Indeed, in my career sort of mind, I loved the very sight of his amazingly goth-making.

"How you ever succeeded what they'll put in your obituary?" I asked.

He must have caught the intent—in conventional terms, he has not been a success—and for a long moment he made to say, "These probably won't be one's to repeat again." But at least I have the book here.

—MORTIMER ZEINER is the author of *Others Just Like Us* (published by St. Martin's Press).

DON'T MISS

The year according to Esquire:

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AWARDS *January*: Esquire at its whitest. A collection of the bawdiest and generally crass events of the year past.

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Where to stay
What to do/see
Business travel
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SPORTS CLINIC

BY MICHAEL KIEFER

THE INS AND OUTS OF BREATHING

There seems to be nothing to it, but it's not so simple

I WISH I were (and was) a runner. I run, and I feel hopelessly winded. I was dutifully testing a doctor's claim that the correct breathing pattern for running is one step of inhalation in three steps of exhalation. The hell with it, I decreed, and stopped back into my mind and imagination—three steps in, three steps out. My wind came back, and my feet pounded into the sanders. I was soon lulled into the hypnotic rhythm.

From a Western medical point of view, breathing is as surprising to be left alone, a body function that takes care of itself. From an Eastern viewpoint, however, breathing is a bridge that spans body, mind, and spirit. It's a natural process, but it can be manipulated to the benefit of the body. You inhale where you need energy and exhale where you need to expel energy. I was told by a yogi who also happens to be a tennis pro. It is interesting that in many of the Oriental disciplines the words describe breathing, stance, and energy are very often identical.

More and more athletes and trainers are exploring breathing techniques as a means of improving coordination, body efficiency, and control. The ability to maintain a running distance, for instance, is mostly a function of training, and breathing, of course, long requires muscle tone and strength, but it is partly a function of synchronization—how closely the lungs and respiratory muscles work in concert with the body. The chest muscles lift the rib cage to allow the lungs to fill with oxygen, but they are also connected to the back, shoulder, and other muscles and are thereby influenced by the rest of the body. The diaphragm, which controls respiration, ties into the abdominal organs and is affected by their coordination and the up and down rhythms of breathing. It is a question of mechanics: if something is moving up or down, the muscles cannot contract and there is discoordination.

Some of us operate the machine better



than others. Dennis Brindell, a biologist at the University of Utah, Salt Lake City, found in a study of breathing and locomotion that uncoordinated runners breathe irregularly, while experienced runners do it more or less like step-breath patterns. The experienced runners, Brindell discovered, use breathing rhythms much like golfing patterns: slow at the outset, quicker with greater speed, up an incline, or as fatigue sets in—a set number of patterns, as if they had been "wired into the system."

Experienced runners are likely masters of step-breath patterns. These bodies move with an efficiency that causes unrivaled speed. The stride may be longer or faster or more forceful on one side than the other. Jim Ryun is familiar with Brindell's work, and although he is a coach and athlete and not a scientist, his observations have been similar. Paced down, Ryun says, it can lead to chronic fatigue because one side always takes more punishment than the other. Gold medals—yes, even

gold medals—who tells himself as a fitness consultant and breathing expert. By encouraging experimentation with breathing patterns and by mildly altering stride and body posture to enhance breath efficiency, Jackson finds that he can make even the most experienced athletes perform better. Jackson has coached world-class runners and cyclists, including Olympian winners Trischa Zorn and John Howard, and Olympic gold medal cyclist Alan Gossell, as well as university football, basketball, and track teams, and writers on numerous about exercise and fitness. Ten years ago, when he published a book of stretching exercises for runners, eyebrows were raised, now such exercises are de rigueur. Some things are traditional. Now it's into breathing.

Jackson has a repertoire of breathing patterns from which he picks the one that's right for everyday. A four-step out-breath, three-step in-breath may be the comfortable choice for a slow jog or a leisurely run, depending on the temperature and the air quality, and how much sleep he gets, a three-breath run, two-in-one may feel better. For those first experiencing, Jackson suggests rhythms that are one step longer on the out-breath, patterns that he calls "full miles you ever." This approach makes physiological sense, as it takes longer to exhale fully than to inhale, but it may also alleviate other problems.

Brindell found that most runners are "boxed," that is, they always start their breathing cycle at the same time. And he found that the most runners have asymmetric gait, that the stride may be longer or faster or more forceful on one side than the other. Jim Ryun is familiar with Brindell's work, and although he is a coach and athlete and not a scientist, his observations have been similar. Paced down, Ryun says, it can lead to chronic fatigue because one side always takes more punishment than the other. Gold medals—yes, even

F ANXIETY IS FEAR OF LOSING CONTROL AND BREATHING IS AN INVOLUNTARY REFLEX THAT CAN BE PUT ON VOLUNTARY OVERRIDE, THEN PERHAPS CONSCIOUSLY TAKING CONTROL OF BREATHING BRINGS A SENSE OF OVERALL CONTROL.

breathing abdomen tightness and stress out the body by shortening the foot on which the greatest stress falls through each breathing cycle, thereby lessening the chance of injury.

There is precedent for this. Competitive rhythmic swimmers find that breathing of alternate sides evens out their strokes and keeps them from pulling too strongly in one direction. (Include also keeping them aware of who is pulling on either side.)

The synchronization of breath and exertion is more obvious in swimming than in any other sport. If you don't breathe at the correct moment in the crawl you get a cramp. Even in the backstroke, where the head is always out of the water, swimmers need to find the best timing. "To a stroke like the butterfly," says Wheaton College swimming coach Jon Lederhouse, "you're doing a double arm recovery, and at the end of the stroke, we feel like the hands pass everything happens at once. That is the most explosive time of the stroke. That's the natural time for the air to come out." Or is it the most explosive time because that's precisely when the swimmer can't?

You exhale as you push the bar away in weight lifting. You exhale as you throw the shot put. You exhale when they hit the ball, instead of taking a breath as they look or punch. The same thing for volleyball. As described by Jim Vicary, a Chicago-area exercise physiologist and sports psychology consultant, the body works like a piston—contracting and relaxing store energy and releasing it—while executing a volleyball serve.

Says Vicary: "Your body goes through a series of cycling on all joints. Your legs, neck and your trachea, your lungs and your heart—the rhythmic mode. You may release energy, not create the most tension possible in the body, and you increase the range of motion, isolating the chest. By taking a nice deep breath, you're protecting your muscles, stretching them. And so when you exhale, if you do it correctly, you'll get this whole marshaling of all these muscles at the same time, and this generates enormous force. Therefore you have more velocity, more power."

Very coaches tennis players to coordinate exhalation with the stroke by having them shout or say "ball" when they make contact.

The effect is partially psychological, much like the jabs, the shot of the martial arts. It feels like breathing's resilience status as apparent. Of course, the force generated by the blow would trump a taekwondo punch far over the fence. Still, Vicary thinks the smile should be

walked into the natural rhythm of the body.

Normally when we breathe we inhale actively and exhale passively, contracting the diaphragm and the diaphragm to fill the lungs, letting go to allow the air to make room. To increase endurance while running or cycling, Jim Jackson, talkers with the partus with a popular reversal of the process, lengthening the belly wall to force air out, actively exhaling. At the same time, using a trick he learned from ballet, he rocks the pelvis forward ever so slightly and rocks his chest to stretch the spine. When he releases the spine, stretch and the abdominal tightness, the lungs fill by themselves. He calls the technique "spine-down breathing."

Slowly, however, while running along the beach, I used Jackson's add-milk-to-your-every-pattern. I looked into it easily and much worse than I did. The next afternoon, I used the spine-down breathing to my run and was stunned by the way the rocking and running felt so very literally opening or closing me. When I began to feel wedged, I recovered from a four-out, then-in breathing pattern to a three-out, two-in pattern and ran out of breath before I ran out of wind. By the time I stopped I had run half again as far as the day before. Within two weeks my distance had tripled. The not impressed? Jackson responded: "When you have effort and relaxation as breath after breath, endurance is necessarily extended."

Some may feel that Jackson's techniques are unnatural, but then not all natural responses are healthy. It is natural, for example, to hold your breath during physical activities that require great exertion or great concentration, and that can be very dangerous. If you hold your breath long enough you could decompress the blood flow to the brain and pass out. If you hold your breath during very little, the chest contraction actually impedes the blood flow and the resulting fluctuations in blood pressure and heart rate could bring on an irregular heartbeat or the remote possibility of bursting out a cerebral aneurysm.

"Most people think that breathing is automatic, you've got to hold your breath to tense," says Jon Lederhouse.

"You are big mammals, come in and hold their breath and they chug away to get started, when they should be starting out very slowly with a very relaxed breathing pattern and then begin breathing more rapidly."

Debbie McCullough, in her book *The Creative Silver*, writes, "Anxiety is only a label we use to medicalize breathing." Conversely, anxiety can be lessened or elimi-

nated through deep breathing, techniques such as rebreathing a skull on the side slopes as on the tennis court or in the bedrooms.

Vicary instructs his athletes to lie on their backs with one hand on their bellies and the other hand on their chests so they do relaxation exercises. He asks them to let their stomach rise as they exhale and fall as they exhale, breathing deep down in their bellies, slowly, regularly, panting between breaths. He asks them to associate the resulting feeling of well-being with a cue phrase like "let go." As they learn to bring on the relaxed feeling more easily, they can do so from any position, using the cue as a trigger.

Yoga would contend that this diaphragmatic breathing is the natural way, and that we've lost it, only in life on the modern society and that good posture means chest out and stomach in.

Why is it so soothing? Vicary says it's a form of learned relaxation and breathing is an involuntary reflex that can be put on voluntary override, thus perhaps consciously taking control of breathing brings a sense of overall control. Since chest contraction and shallow breathing are two physiological aspects of panic in the fight-or-flight response, bypassing the chain of events by breathing slowly and deeply may short-circuit the process.

And deliberately, rhythmic breathing brings an end to running. One exament running doctor told me that running was boring enough without worrying about breathing and running. You want to go on automatically as quickly as possible, he said, to let your mind go elsewhere. But then, many people overexert and let your mind go elsewhere. I learned to control my breathing in my class. I learned to control it slowly, move all the air out of my lungs, and then to intake just an slowly for exactly half that out. In the kickbox class I learned to sit spread-eagled on the floor with arms close and breathe shallowly and slowly while counting backward from one hundred, rotating each number. The result of this exercise is a sound body, a clear mind, and a sense of heightened awareness. So, too, with running. The rhythmic step and breath takes over quickly, the body relaxes, the mind turns inward and then soars off.

After finishing the 1982 Ironman Triathlon competition, Jim Jackson told *Time* magazine, "It's like 140 miles of breath meditation. The last few miles of the race are like champagne bubbles of bliss." It takes my breath away.

DEBBIE McCULLOUGH'S *Spoken Chalice* "Art of Living" appeared in the June 1984 *Esquire*.

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SPORTS SCENES

BY PETE DEXTER

THE HEART OF THE MATTER

Gerry Cooney wants to retire, but he doesn't want to fight

GERRY COONEY walks into Gleason's Gym in Manhattan at four o'clock in the afternoon, half a second after Billy Connolly catches a shot in the practice that would tenderize sandalwood.

One of the men with Cooney holds the door. Cooney doesn't do much for human relations. He moves through the room smiling, bouncy to greet smaller people.

He is almost to the span of the ring, greeting smaller people, when Connolly's eyes come past. Something seems to be wringing them out of his head. Even without the eyes, his face is serene and awful. The feeling in blue shirts has spilled out of his companion in his lower body, and there is a dead old maniacal smile with a vacuous cheerleader winking at it.

Connolly is a bantam, in the World Boxing Council's championship of the world at 180 pounds, and in the process Cooney he has grabbed himself, in each on you can grab yourself while you're wearing boxing gloves, and braces to beat.

It is the lord of punch and the lord of sneak that you will remember him, on the way home, and suddenly decide to buckle your seat belt.

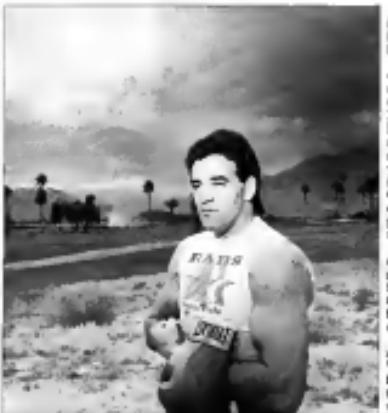
Cooney nods and Connolly bows, a grim and ignoble.

Cooney says, "Hey, man, how's it going?" Then he looks past Connolly to the far side of the ring, where Victor Holmes is leaping in the ropes. Holmes is the man who slipped into the ring in the shattering moment of Connolly's title fight with Larry Holmes—the violent paroxysm of heavyweight history that brought the two fighters to stop Holmes from biting his ears.

"Victor," he says, "how's it going?" Victor nods. He doesn't smile. "You been doing your training?"

"I been training, man," Cooney says. "Really, really hard."

The Holmes fight came in June of 1982. It was Cooney's first loss, and a cold twenty-seven months to get him back to the



"After that, I got injuries in the gym. That's why I hadn't been in the ring in so long. I was injured."

COONEY'S RETURN to the ring came on national television in late September. He fought an undefeated New Orleans heavyweight named Mike Brown, who happened to be four rounds without throwing a single punch. He did not injure Cooney—although Cooney can clearly be hit with punches—and he never threw a single right hand.

I don't know why Brown didn't fight—and that's what it amounted to, he just didn't fight—but I do know that Cooney's career has been built against fighters who don't fight, or can't fight.

"I've got total confidence in Dennis and Mike and Victor to decide who I fight," he said. "I trust them very, very much. The way they look at it, is to say whatever you want to make the money, make the most money."

Brown is Dennis Report's Mike in Mike Jones. They are New York City real estate lawyers who dabbled in white heavyweight and got rich.

The sportswriter did call the Texas. From the beginning, they have orchestrated Cooney's career with one fundamental rule in mind—getting the most money with the least risk.

Following the rule, they kept him away from every dangerous boxer in the division, with the exception, of course, of Larry Holmes. And by the time Cooney fought him, it was for something in the neighborhood of \$30 million.

COONEY AND the two men with him walk upstairs into a dressing room. There is a large, dark, sprawling sofa in the middle. COONEY sits down on it, and the two EXCELSIOR reporters begin to do their EXCELSIOR REPORTER in GARRY. GARRY COONEY IS THE FIVE-PUNCH CHAMPION. And one that says cooney, in the spotlight now, GARRY IS AFRAID OF THE SPOTLIGHT.

Cooney underscores, taking off his gold

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incentive to invest because they give you built-in leverage. What's more, you don't have to stand back, but observe, as the relationship between the stock price and the warrant price becomes fixed—and the stock goes up a point, so does the warrant. Take this investing idea one step further: buy a warrant at a dollar, the other day, for a stock that was trading at \$1. If the stock price rose to \$4, the warrant would probably jump to \$3, so the common stock investor has increased his stake by 35 percent, while the warrant investor

Verizon has doubled its money. The same \$1,500 that, if invested in common stock would have become \$2,000, would have become \$3,500 if invested in warrants—a good short-term play.

My brother's ambitions were modest. He figured he would make \$500 in three weeks, not and never Paul Sauer.

The original line, history aside, from Uncle Lou—“he could see that it was falling in his hands.” Well, I

In the case of Novo, the deal, an unusually underwritten loan by D.H. Blair, was even richer. There were two classes of war rents—when you exercised your Class A warrant at \$4 you received a share of stock and a Class B warrant.

He figured he would make \$1000 in three weeks, get out, and head over to Paul Sherrill's brother's antiques store.

M

My brother's ambitions were realized, and I quit, and head over to Paul Shand.

"We've warrants settled toward him and would even let at a loss of 16. *Wahabatullahi wahabatullahi*" and the sheikh, Nabil I. Ibrahim, 80.

Late that December, Nevin tented the dwelling or cashing in at the waterfront from August 3, 1894, to August 5, 1905. "You would have thought that it would have boosted the price a little," my brother says. "It didn't." He decided to hold on to the warrants and take the loss as a tax deduction.

Companies such as Novo are trapped in a paradox. Novo is a research corporation, including among its science advisors Dr. Jani Aland, winner of the Nobel Prize for Medicine in 1967, and Dr. David Baltimore, winner of the Nobel Prize in 1975 for his discovery of oncornavirus and the Epstein-Barr virus in the human genome. The plan is for Novo to discover new drugs, then license the manufacturer, market the product, and FDA approves the drug, then Novo gets a share of the royalties. So the structure of the company was designed, partly, to ensure a continuous flow of financing for the company as much cash of investment was expended. We try to emphasize that our science is not just a hobby, it's a business. We have Alastair Alastair, the president and CEO of Novo. "We know research is long term. But long term inventories, long-haul investments, just aren't interesting to a company with very heavy but often very short-term investors. And companies like it have to attract high-risk investors, the kind who will shell out a just as quickly as they picked it up. One Wall Street was in the same boat as was in the Wall Street

After Labor Day my brother, Jack again after vacation, called the cabin. "Let's see what Nona is doing," he chortled. The com-
mon smoke was up with an old smoke

The Tax Adviser*Can I Deduct My Computer?*

The tax adviser in the column comes from Eugene Schloss, a partner in the accounting firm of Past, Merwick, Mitchell & Co.

new tax bill that restricts the generous tax deductions for employees who buy computers to work at home.

The situation has changed dramatically for people who are their home company only to manage their personal investments and for employees of large companies who like to do some of their work at home. Now neither group can claim any business deduction. If you are IBM and worked/bought car for your home job and to practice on the IBM, you can't do it anymore. And if you are IBM and are using a computer for business, lose this half the time, the expense has to be deducted over twelve years.

The rules remain largely un-

changed for the self-employed who need computers for their work, although they will be under much closer scrutiny and may well need an accountant to help them file their taxes. Under the old rules, the full cost of the computer could be deducted if it was used solely for business purposes; the write-off was proportionately less if the machine was used by the individual. That meant up to \$5,000 of the expense could be deducted right off the tag, with the balance depreciated over five years. Some employees may even have been able to write off the machine in full.

These days are gone.

For purchases made after June 11, a business tax deduction for a home computer will not be allowed unless you buy it for your own business or a company is required to perform your employment duties. A letter from your employer might be helpful. Congress has retooled the flood of correspondence and included several compliance provisions that make it necessary to reexamine home computer use to make sure that the computer is employed in least half the time for business purposes. A taxpayer claiming a business deduction has to maintain a detailed log reflecting personal and business use of the computer, and can only write in a tax preparer that the log is being kept.

It's time to make ready for the switch. If you are an employee, the business tax deduction is still lost, and while a letter of support will be of help if the IRS challenges you as to how it is not reasonable that you are above suspicion, IRS agents do not have to accept the employer's word at face value, and there is one question accountants are already expecting auditors to repeat often: "Why not just stay late at the office?"

—Sponsored by
Arthur Andersen

Money Terms

"MORTGAGE-MORTGAGE" sounds almost too surreal for its actual meaning—the please would fit more comfortably into the world of high fashion than the world of high finance! ("This season, ladies, Jean-Pierre will be showing some heady-looking things in sequinned mortgages!"). Actually, it's concerned with a sort of beauty—the beauty of advantageous financing. The conventional mortgage is really a sort of "mortgage without a mortgage." You want to sell your house. You find the right buyer, you get the right price. The only blemish is that the buyer offers you higher his lease at a painfully high interest rate. Need this be one of those dismal dead-bearers? Well if you are a IBM creditor financier, in fact, the *un*conventional mortgage. You agree to continue to make payments on your mortgage through the life of the mortgage, while establishing a second mortgage on your buyer. Your buyer's mortgage is for the difference between the outstanding balance on your loan and the current sale price, less the buyer's down payment. Thus the buyer gets part of his financing of your original interest rate. You sell your house. And in that shining world that exists only between economists, everybody's happy—for the time being. —David Wild

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See Reader Service Catalog page 132

There is only one perfect place for your own private ski house—and that's within striking distance of the slopes. The price goes up as the view of the peaks gets better, naturally.

Real Estate Some Like It Cold

still, they're a popular second home. "To get one will cost you more than a cabin on a secluded lake, but judging from these houses, it's worth it."

—Reported by Jason Gluck



ASPEN, COLORADO

This home is part of the Maroon development, less than a mile from Aspen's base. Report Maroon recently paid an estimated \$2 million in cash for six ski houses. A Miami physician and his wife purchased this one for \$1.2 million in cash. It's a clear cut the first-class lodges offer a nearly-360-degree view of all four Aspen ski areas and beyond. Each of the two master bedrooms has a large bath, a fireplace, and a sitting area, and there is a master closet between both suites. A large deck in front is the centerpiece of the living room. The owners plan to live here year round when they retire.

BERNIE SCHAFFER AND SCHAFFER ASSOCIATES



MC CALL, IDAHO

Overall cost from the \$100,000 to \$150,000 range, this house is part of the McCall development, located in McCall, Idaho. The development is a mix of a condominium project. Residents pay a monthly fee for the upkeep of the grounds and the recreation center. The house has three bedrooms and a master bathroom. It features a great room, the kitchen, dining room, and entry. Floors are finished in rustic Pinus fir, and stairs are hand-tiled stone. Backsteps in the kitchen and living room. A Murphy bed can be a separate guest room or a sofa bed. The house is about \$225,000 to cash. Total price is about \$330,000 to \$440,000.

Photo: LUCAS PHAM/PHOTOGRAPHY FOR NEW ENGLAND LIFE



STOWE, VERMONT

A venture capitalist and his family bought this house with a 5.5-acre lot for \$200,000. He plans to invest an additional \$500,000 to buy the two adjoining lots and to knock the house. The house is sold in design with a full view of Mount Mansfield. The living room has a fireplace with an exposed brick mantel. On the main floor, there are two bedrooms. There is a bath with a Jacuzzi, and separate guest bedrooms and two baths. The knock-down house includes a wine cellar, a large laundry and lace area, and a sauna. The house is located less than a mile from the village of Stowe and the lifts.

Photo: MICHAEL BOURGEOIS/PHOTOGRAPHY FOR NEW ENGLAND LIFE

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See Investor Services Dept on page 101

SMART MONEY

The Strategist

How to Draw the Line



in their private time, when they are alone with what they love. I believe they are happiest when they are surrounded by the things they care about.

That night, I awoke, he was already in his tulipan, beginning to crack. Staring bleakly out, he was heretically sealed windows to the luminous east shaft of the Citicorp Center in the distance. He got personal on me. That's always a bad sign. "I'm a little depressed because I can't go home this weekend," he said. "I have to go to Illinois for a regional seminar. My wife is having trouble selling the house in Baltimore, so I've been here in a holding pattern. I'm on the phone to the real estate agent there. But I like it here. I use this job as a vacation, too. I never thought Ed and I had the high this far." That's when his voice began to tremor.

I tried not to comment for a couple of minutes, but that became impossible, so I sat there, having worked a tissue out, and was speaking to me flat on his back in his apparently untrained innocence. The telephone rang and he tried to ignore it with another vice-president for a few minutes. He left at 6:15. Larry stayed until 9:00. I played poker till eight. Larry established the general atmosphere at first location, and I sat with the company. He's ours. He needed his civilian life to do his best, but he didn't know how to draw the line between himself and the corporation.

In the end of the line, if not entire, business machine, the hand few who were not cut back are expected to cheerfully perform the work of the departed many; a project, for

example, the greatest depth of responsibility. They seldom get home dinner. The vice bosses, when the only noise heard is the puk-puk-buzz of the office sound-masking system—that

(1) your superiors know that you are prepared to hang in there during a crisis, and (2) they don't care.

The first time around will be the toughest, and you may be greeted with reactions that range from impatience to disapproving to downright mad if they fail to establish these ground rules early on, will only make your case more difficult the next time. As long as you haven't demonstrated your persistence, you may just be surprised at how close to victory you really are.

Last summer my friend Josh was confronted with a departmental reorganization that brought with it a new boss with new rules. While his previous manager had favored a vaporuous tempo from 9:00 to 4:15 with break in needed, this one preferred leisurely mornings that began at 10:00, informal luncheons at approximately 11:30, and a flurry of activity between 4:00 and 7:00 p.m. At the same time, Josh and his wife were having some problems and he felt a tremendous need to spend evenings with her.

But if a late-night session with the office manager had been a good idea at the time, it was a bad idea now. It was a bad idea, not just for the sake of relaxation, you're going to have to draw things consistently, if not necessarily (I) deliver the goods between nine and five, and (2) repel the excessive demands of corporate culture at all other hours.

Yet even if you follow these seemingly simple rules, you're not home-free. Recognized as a competent player within and outside the corporation, you are eligible to move up in the corporate culture and take part at the greatest depth (involving leadership, and schmoozing) in the company. If you're expected to do some work at meetings, you may already be encouraged to hang around at meetings that consist of information, to comment about office efficiency, over-drink after work, and to show up at motivational parties and late-night workshops.

When the time comes for you to take a stand, make sure you're on solid ground, that is, in your own best interests. Doing anything less is accepting defeat. —Stanley Long

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY 101

Insurance

A Return to Values



My wife owns several pieces of jewelry I think are expensive, though Liz Taylor might not agree. Since their purchase, we have insured them as an extension to a homeowner policy known as a personal-articles float. So called because your coverage "floats" within items we move it goes, float coverage is by category, with each individual item "scheduled" in terms of quantity, quality and value. You are insured for all risks except those specifically excluded. The major exclusions are, usually, normal wear and tear, war, and nuclear accidents. Homeowners have an option percentage of the total declared value. For example, \$2.10 per \$100 of value, for which the insurance company usually requires coordination, such as a bill of sale or recent purchase appraisal.

Most agents and brokers will tell you that浮游 coverage is the only safe way to insure jewelry, furs, fine paintings, and other such valuables. This is because standard homeowner policies generally limit the amount you can collect for losses for many categories of valuables (\$1,000 max for jewelry and fur loss is common), no matter how much浮游 coverage you purchase. But what many people do not know, and what few brokers or agents will tell you, is that浮游 coverage is not the only way to insure your jewelry. I discovered this when I decided to investigate whether I could insure an antique jewelry and fur collection by visiting companies.

With a doctor, because your insurance premiums are based on a specific value, you would

assume that, should you have a loss, you would receive that amount. While this is true of most fine-art dealers (those covering art and antiques), it is not the industry norm for fur and jewelry. If you insure a fur or jewelry, take out your policy and read it carefully. It is like the majority of policies, you will note, that it clearly establishes that you own such items and sets the insurance company a maximum amount.

With the amount that the insurance company can, and should, pay you down for the declared value, you should have a loss. The amount you deduct for depreciation (particularly important for furs) and the option to replace an item in kind, or pay you the cash value less than what it would cost elsewhere to do so if you do not want to replace it. This

is why浮游 clearly states, "The amount shown in the schedule is agreed to be the value of the item(s) property." This means you will receive the full amount in case of loss. Period. Even with home depreciation, no arguments.

Surly such better coverage must cost a lot more.

In the strange world of浮游, not necessarily. For instance, compare cities per \$100 of jewelry coverage. In Massachusetts, Atlantic, one of the nation's leading insurance writers, charges its customers a premium of \$2.23. This is not in context. By comparison, Chubb's premium for a valued contract is \$2.80, just insurance costs more per \$100. Aetna, another leading insurer, has two rates: \$1.38 for their traditional浮游 and \$1.56 for a valued contract.

It is also important to remember that premiums may differ sharply from one city to another, and even within a heterogeneous city. Company A may charge a higher premium than Company B in New York, yet be cheaper than Company B in Los Angeles.

Many leading insurance companies do not offer valued contracts for jewelry or furs. Chubb is the only company I know of where a valued浮游 is standard. For other insurers that offer the option of valued jewelry and/or fur contracts include Aetna, Atlantic Mutual, and the Phoenix's Fund Insurance Companies. The Hartford Insurance Group will consider a valued jewelry contract on a case-by-case basis.

—Peter D. Lawrence

of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

The prospect of copying machine clearing off possible currency has plagued the government long looking for ways to freshen up the old greenbacks and make them counterfeited-proof. This "technically superior" currency will probably have a Mylar thread running through the bill, different background tints and shading, and possibly a hologram in place of the Treasury seal.

A new computer dating service matches investors interested in high-quality companies with funding entrepreneurs.

most well-known companies. Venture Capital Network, a nonprofit corporation, arranges for individual investors to find the entrepreneurs of their dreams, and vice versa. Investors like the type of business that intrigues them, geographical preferences, and the amount of time and money they plan to risk into the relationship. Entrepreneurs include a two-page summary of their business proposition, financials, profit and loss statement, the fee for business is free, the fee for investors is one hundred dollars for a one-year period. Tel: 800-234-5388. —Joseph Cozzani

Financial HOTLINE

The sophisticated new color copies coming out may provide some people with a license to print money—at least, that's what the Treasury Department is fretting about these days. "The counterfeiting threat is coming from advanced color copiers that produce very high quality images," says Peter Gels, deputy director

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See inside. Service Card after page 101.

The Entrepreneur

Bob Roth: Rag to Riches



Bob Roth • *Photo: Jack Hirschman*

Was Bob Roth wise or left—he can't remember, maybe clever—when he started his first newsletter from the basement of his home in the Chicago suburbs of Arlington Heights? He shrugs and throws up his hands. "The only thing he remembers about the publication that concerned a recipe for a snack made from Wheat Chex. The newsletter folded after one issue."

So perhaps it wasn't too surprising that when the twenty-four-year-old Roth decided in the fall of 1987 to start another publication—this time an alternative newspaper—he could pay less than only about \$3,700 from friends for the first month, and he didn't even ask his family.

Thirteen years later, the paper Roth started, the *Reader*, is a Chicago institution. Every week 250,000 copies of the tabloid are snapped up within a day or two of delivery. In 1993 the paper grossed \$3.2 million—a 35-per-cent increase over two years. As one of the largest, most profitable alternative weeklies in the country, the *Reader* has become a prototype for hundreds of would-be publishers nationwide.

Roth's formula for success was deceptively simple. First, the paper was free. Second, the classified ads were free. Third, in most distributed at the right place—the right boutiques and bars, restaurants and second-hand bookstores, and swap meet markets—everywhere the demographically desirable gathered. Finally, the *Reader* often served up stories that you couldn't find in the dailies. Most weeks they were offbeat and unpredictable, and even when they weren't, the extensive movie and live-music listings made the paper just about indispensable.

Today Roth, currently seven, supervises his expanding multimillion-dollar empire from the *Reader*'s laboratory headquarters in a converted loft just off the West Michigan Avenue. He is

dealing, depending on how well the issue.

The first issue, on October 1, 1971, was sixteen pages. The cover layout repeated an *Marxist* Street's nearby info-walk banner on Chicago's West Side, and an anonymous piece on what a life is to get an obscene phone call. What few ads there were came from small shopkeepers, a rough-hewn Italian restaurant, and a few small schools. But the first issue created hardly a ripple. Then, the second struck in twelve copies, and the third in eight. Then the advertising doors reopened.

Roth tried to find investors. "But we were barely in debt, and nobody would invest. Our writers, who loved the paper, wouldn't invest. Our friends wouldn't invest. Everyone was convinced we were going to fail tomorrow." They didn't, but they did continue to work seventy to eighty-hour weeks.

Loose Change

The average American is in debt more than \$5,000. ■ The Japanese save more than 30 percent of their income, more than any other country. The U.S. saves 6 percent. ■ It takes one gallon of crude oil to produce materials needed to make twenty credit cards. ■ The average tank military vehicle weighs \$3,000. ■ New York, California, Illinois, Ohio, and Florida are now as the five states with the greatest number of millionaires. ■ It is estimated that Americans spend between \$20 and \$25 billion a year to maintain their lawns.

Roth and his fellow owners each drew a salary of fifty-five dollars a week—not in cash, but in company stock, which was, of course, worthless. Roth掌管着 100 万份的《读者》。

After months of near collapse, Roth finally discovered how to transform the *Reader* into a baby-boomer bible: he added extensive live-music listings and a section of capsule movie reviews.

"There was an off-the-phone idea you could find these kind of ads in the classifieds. In the first two years Roth had convinced eight college friends to buy a total of \$16,162 worth of stock. Even so, the paper was still \$35,000 in the red. The printer had audaciously cut our press runs from fifty-six thousand to twenty thousand. The *Reader* continued to operate out of Roth's personal checkbook. It was not incorporated. It had no accountants, no bookkeeping system, no lawyers. A general partner kept exceeding the paper credit."

Then something remarkable happened. The *Reader*'s audience, mostly baby boomers, graduated from college. And they grew up. And they started spending money.

And advertisers—well, by 1975 the *Reader* was solidly in the black. New print magazine press rates at 25 percent-plus. An average issue runs 135 pages and is packed with advertising of the hot-job-and-faction variety.

Roth is philosophical about his success. He owns 20 percent of Chicago *Reader* Inc., stock—worth \$1 million by his estimation—but drives a rusty 1979 Volkswagen Rabbit diesel. He and the three other

working owners at the *Reader* earn the same salary—"well under \$100,000," he reports. When asked about his net worth, Roth shrugs. Mordantly at the question: "What does it all mean?" he asks.

—Paul Weingarten

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See Previous Section Contender page 110

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THE NEW AMERICA

Changing Patterns of Life and Thought in the 1980s

COMPUTER CULTURE

Reading (and Writing) the Software Novel

BY MARTIN MOSELEY WOODRIDGE

A GROWTH of software designers is taking the boldest step in the methods for commanding fiction since the invention of printed books more than five centuries ago. Their goal: the "interactive novel" stories told not by the printed word, but by the light of a personal computer.

According to their creators, interactive novels have several advantages over traditional novels. The reader can choose from several settings determined by the designer. For example, at the adventure version of Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*, the reader can have Huck rescue Jim from a riverboat or find an abandoned Jim here.

Software designer Ann Weil, who wrote the software version of *Huckleberry Finn* for the Windows Classic division of Symphonic Software, tries to keep faith with tradition. "You have to keep true to the text," she says. "You can't have Huck Finn talking nonsense."

Virtual novels are beginning to compete with the real thing, says Michael Crichton, author of *The Art*



Path in a One-way Street

of Adolescence, spent a year and a half creating *Asavaro*, an adventure in which the user plays the part of an explorer searching for lost cities in South America. And another web philosopher, Timothy Leary is forming a software production firm that he expects to sell interactive novels beginning this year. Leary has recruited his friends from the Sixties, including William S. Burroughs and Terry Southern, to write computer extravaganzas.

Perhaps the most enthusiastic devotees of the interactive novel are science-fiction editors and writers. Software producer Byron Preiss, for example, feels that it is a tool that will give writers more freedom. He is adapting works by Ray Bradbury, Arthur C. Clarke, and others for their production at Bantam Entertainer, a science-fiction

company he is putting together that today's primitive texts will be made obsolete.

"We're in the nickelodeon age of computer software," Jim Ross says. "It's as if we were in 1905, with project light shows, and everyone is asking, 'What can we do with pictures do-'

Bridging TV's Language Gap

By Carl Kaplan

LAST FALL, THE nation's first television program broadcast simultaneously in English and Spanish lit the answers to the question between Anglo and Hispanic cultures: *The Lone Ranger*. The technology that gave birth to *El Cid* (Cid el Asir) is called SAP (Simultaneous Audio Program), part of an FCC-approved package of audio subchannels that enables broadcasters to transmit a simultaneous second-language sound track of a TV show to minority communities. With more than twenty million Americans of Hispanic descent concentrated in major cities like Los Angeles, New York, Chicago, Miami, and San Antonio, about half of whom speak little or no English—SAP's audience

is beginning to appeal to broadcasters and advertisers alike. In the Los Angeles area 27 percent of the total population is Hispanic. KTLA-TV, a local independent station, started broadcasting *The Lone Ranger* in SAP Spanish in October and will offer more prime time shows later this year. The station also offers a 10:00 p.m. slot in simultaneous SAP Spanish.

Of the three major networks, ABC has led the most groundwork for introducing SAP Spanish programming on a national basis. In the summer of 1983 the network ran an experiment in dual-language programming called ABC Unico. For three consecutive weeks in June, ABC simulcast in five major U.S. cities with encouraging results.

Now television-set manufacturers are betting on the growth of SAP Spanish, too. In their 1985 line of color TVs, Zenith, Quasar, and Sears are sporting relatively inexpensive "bilingual" SAP models, and Panasonic will soon follow.

The Guru of Animal Rights

TONI REAGAN is an unlikely radical. He lives with his wife, two children, dog, and cat in a modest home in Raleigh, North Carolina, the land of place where bumper stickers are commonplace.

But in 1983 Regan, then forty-five, a philosophy professor at North Carolina State University, published *The Case for Animal Rights* and became the intellectual leader of a movement that is successfully getting animals on the moral map. What was previously a ragtag group was galvanized by Regan's two principles: first, that animals are not, as Descartes saw it, "thoughtless brutes"; but rather distinct individuals, and thus have moral rights; second, recognition of this requires humans to change the way they treat animals by becoming vegetarians.

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The Baby-Boom Lobby

BY PHILLIP LINDHMAN

A NEW GROUP in Washington calling itself Americans for Generational Equity (AGE) is poised to make a bid for the allegiance of younger Americans.

Founder Fred Hewitt, thirty-two, a self-styled moderate Republican, has worked in policy analysis for Minnesota senator Dole. Disbanded for the last four years, Hewitt points to several alarming, irreversible trends affecting younger Americans. In 1983, for example, there were nearly four times as many children living beneath the official poverty line as there were ten years earlier in such need. Indeed, senior citizens in a whole now enjoy higher per capita income than any age group under

forty. Yet under that year's budget forty-six percent of federal spending goes directly to the. The percentage of the population over age forty-six—about all of that money distributed on the basis of age, rather than need—falls into fourth of all social security expenditures, for example, as to members of families with incomes above \$30,000 a year.

"If present trends continue, the children of the baby-boomers are likely to wind up, on average, less-educated, less healthy, and poorer than the last two or three generations in American history," says Hewitt. "Unless we now make a much greater economic investment on their behalf, we cannot expect that this next generation behind us will be able, much less willing, to pay the social costs of providing for our retirement."

AGE is planning a National Value Education Campaign to in-

From The Case for Animal Rights "Animals have interests and drive perception, memory, and a sense of the future, including their own future, an animal's life is important, just like ours. Animals may pose problems to humans, but they are not the only ones. We are a part of the animal kingdom and pose a physiological threat over time and an individual welfare is in the sense that their preferences/needs have well or ill for them. The rights issue is not yet resolved, and the issue deserves of the same attention as other issues. It is not only important to remember only that the scope of rights we have to include rights for the rights of animals. The animal rights movement is not for the benefit of humans. Supras require nothing but this is resolution in our religious thought and action."

the most basic for vegetarians.

Then I found connections between the exploitation of humans—black men and women, for instance—and animals. Our whole society is built on the back of the exploited—with our species and beyond our species."

The numbers of exploited animals are impressive and appalling: in this country alone billion animals are killed each year for food, some forty-four million die in experiments, and up to twenty million

are "put to sleep" by humans regularly.

Animal rightsists contend that animals ought to be treated well not as a matter of kindness, but as a matter of right—regardless of any one animal's value to humans. For this reason, Regan does not believe in compromise—such as more humane slaughter of livestock or continuing experiments on animals. "What was wrong with slavery," he says, "was the institution itself, not whether the people had a shower after they worked in the fields."

Regan often counsels high school and college students who have required labored to convert to his views and through him. Today, North Carolina State became the first American university to study the effects of incorporating the rights of students to be "conservationists objectives" in such experiments.

How can converts to the cause of animal rights contribute to the movement's flowering? "A good first step is vegetarianism," Regan says. "This allows our determination to remove the dead weight of tradition and habit from our back, and to help shoulder the burdens of the weak against the strong."

Even younger Americans about issues like this, the main prospect for reform, and plan a lobby, a significant reduction of the federal budget deficit. Hewitt points out this, if current interest rates remain in effect, every dollar the federal government borrows today will wind up costing members of the baby boom more than twenty-eight dollars in debt service alone! Eventually the organization hopes to evolve into a major policy interest group lobby, with a research division and congressional liaison staff.

"The message we want to get across," says Hewitt, "is that all these big issues of the national debt and entitlements really come down to questions of family values. What are our financial responsibilities to our children, upon whom we will ultimately depend in retirement?"

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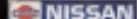
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AT DATSUN DEALERS



The Whole Tooth

THE SUDAMERICAN CONNOISSEUR
BY BRIAN BOSSELMAN

IT ALMOST sounds a bit paradoxical when you first hear the term "holistic dentistry." Take a sympathetic observer of the new age such as myself, I might be tempted to make some wise cracks about the wholeistic "holistic" of every phenomenon of life. But that is not a joke. These are dedicated people, the new layer of holistic dentists. Most of them are. You have to understand there are at least two schools of holistic dentistry, with very different sets of emphases. One I think may deserve skepticism, another, I'm afraid, might have a serious case to make.

Let's dispose first of the questionable side, to which I shall refer as the "TMJ theory." TMJ is the dental profession's version of one-stop-shopping to cure all ills. Its supporters claim that misalignment or poor placement of the temporomandibular joint (the hinge at the back of the jaw) is the root of a whole lot of illnesses. I've never seen any convincing proof of the centrality of TMJ adjustment to human health. If you want the advice of the Connoisseur, stay away from this expensive and probably unnecessary procedure until there is some clinical evidence.

But not all holistic dentists have fallen into the TMJ trap. Some have an area that could be the Monogram of the dental

profession: mercury poisoning from the fillings in your mouth. I know this sounds heretical, perhaps, of the people who wonder the streets talking our teeth to dentists and complaining that they have implanted metal control devices in their filings. But the mercury silver amalgam controversy is real.

As I know, the ADA and state dental authorities frequently step in to ban the consumption of amalgam and other metals with mercury levels in excess of a few parts per billion. And yet, by comparison, many of us have tons of mercury in our mouths.

When I lost a filling recently, my dentist told me he was not going to replace it with a mercury-silver amalgam but with a porcelain-like substance called P-10. He explained that holistic dentists believe P-10 or something like it will soon replace mercury in every new cavity in America—as soon as the dental profession gets up to speed on it.

After some research I found out the subject. The *Journal of Orthodontic Psychiatry* told me that "mercury is an unstable alloy and consequently gives off mercury in the form of gas, ions, and dissolved particles." The article calculates that a daily dose of 200 micrograms of mercury enters the body's system from average mouth with many fillings. (The maximum permissible concentration in industry is only 50 micrograms per day.) "The majority of people might have sufficient resistance to mercury to have amalgam without becoming seriously ill," the article says. "However, mercury kills cells which are not renewed, especially nerve cells.... No dentist can guarantee that a patient

will not come to harm."

What are we to make of this? The American Dental Association has long claimed that the mercury in dental amalgam does not leach into the body. But there seems to be serious controversy here. Holistic dentists claim the ADA will soon be forced to change its position. Until the controversy is resolved, the holistic dentists' alternative of P-10 seems to be a reasonable compromise.

I'm sorry to give you worrying about poison in your mouth. But I hope it's not the only one worrying about it now.

General Patents

A MONTHLY
CIRCUMSPECT INTERNATIONAL
INVENTIONSMAGAZINE

By Morris Mowis Wooster

Tired of twisting an umbrella when you pull off your shoulder strap? Erichhard Prade and Hans Fichtner, two West German inventors, have patented a new fast loop that prevents umbrella wippoons. If the hinged flip-over, a quick-release is attached to the clamp so that you and the board can part ways painlessly. (Patent 4,966,203)

Swinging your dinner doesn't have to lead to scalding your hands, thanks to the invention of Robert Lee of Prince George, British Columbia. The Loop "boil-over preventer" consists of a concave metal cover that attaches to a saucers with the aid of three clamps. The clamps keep the saucers lid on tight, thus making your Cuban black-bean soup doesn't leave your stove top looking like the eight-bit puzzle.

Do your tape cassette need a little wear after you lend them to friends? French inventors Louis Cheron and Jean Couderc have patented a device that counts the number of times a cassette is played, or stops the cassette after a number of plays. Never again will your friends turn a tape of "Shake, Rattle & Roll" into "Scratch, Gash & Stab." (Patent 4,966,284)

ILLUSTRATION BY RONALD COOPER

Evidence

of the new America can be seen (left) from New York architect Art Behar's window. BY RAY NOLLAN



But what you see may be unusual. Lewis A. Park, quoting the full press statement, says: "Behar's window is a statement of the control that the architect of the new age has over the design of the urban environment. Behar's windows are an expression of how man can extend, "he says, and its possibilities are endless. So watch those urban visionaries. They may just ride off on a cassette, against an adjacent block or toward the



ILLUSTRATION: PHILIPPE GAGNON

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Who says you can't have it all?

Not Jerry O'Brien, who devotes long hours to his job as a real estate developer, yet still finds time to indulge his passion for fishing on his lunch hour.

"On the weekends I try to get out on the bay for some serious fishing, but during the week this really helps keep me sane."

Jerry wants it all in life and in the beer he drinks. He demands super-premium taste and a less-filling beer. That's why he drinks Michelob Light.

Why should you settle for anything less?

You can have it all. Michelob Light.

T.J. Rodgers was born to win, trained to conquer, but is he fit enough to survive?

Professional investors were not among the fervent critics of the late 1980s, when a hot selection was the hotshot line. Your name, Miller, three letters, small consonants, has given way to record success. Investors. Those who prided themselves right the system have now joined the system to fight for success. In a crowded marketplace not investors, can who, but entrepreneur and engineer T.J. Rodgers of one who will I finally live



C by Frank Rose

In the Grip

It was 6:42 A.M. on the last Monday in September when T.J. Rodgers pulled into the lot at Cypress Semiconductor. This was day six of "workweek thirty-nine," the final week of the quarter—a week when the whole company would have to bend over to meet its projected revenue goal. The engineers, mostly mid-career men, sat only in their quarter of production, and this quarter's goal was triple that of the previous quarter. T.J.'s job was to make it happen.

At thirty-six, T.J. Rodgers—the initials stand for Thornton John—is one of the youngest semiconductor presidents in the United States. Twelve years ago he went campaigning for George McGovern, at a time when everybody was saying they wanted to change the world. Now he's doing it, in ways no one outside the rounded world of solid-state physics could possibly have anticipated, in ways not even he could have imagined. For a career in the heady life-enterprise climate of Silicon Valley has convinced him that the best way to change the world is to generate possibilities, to put people to work, to make money.

T.J. stopped his battered red Honda Accord into an empty parking space. The construction crews were already at work across the road, gouging foundations into the ocean beds for new high-technology ventures. Week by week, month by month, the ocean beds and the lettuce fields of San Jose were disappearing, just like the prune orchards and the species seashells of Samaypol before them. The land was worth more for high technology. It was a law of the market. And the less efficient

FRANK ROSE is managing editor of *Esquire*, one of the most recently published *Esquire* issues.

or spite or lack of the new venture would disappear too, bulldozed just like the cause fields. Austin, it was a few of the market. The line of the market was the line of the people. Only the fit would survive.

T.J. was one of the fit. He seemed to make sure his company would be too. It was three minutes before the end of the graveyard shift. Still time to say how his assembly workers had come out overnight. He slammed the car door and trudged into the low-slung concrete building. Behind him the barren dunes of the Dallas Range were glowing yellow in the dawn.

Cypress Semiconductor makes memory chips—tiny slivers of silicon etched with microscopic circuitry that are ideal for sensors, instruments and parts of the art marketplace. While "silicon factories" like National Semiconductor and Nippon Electric slogan out class producing the latest technology chips that fit into fingernail areas like personal computers and pocket calculators, new entries like Cypress have been popping up to fill niches in the marketplace that are too small or too advanced for the big players to handle. Cypress operates on the latest levels of high technology manufacturing tiny "scratch pad" memories with circuit features 1.8 microns in diameter (that's twelve ten-thousandths of an inch) and access times as low as ten nanoseconds—but without a success—as small as this, but as anything in existence. As T.J. likes to say, he is doing things that still has to be done.

At age three, growing up on Lake Winona on the outskirts of Cedar Rapids, Wisconsin, he was passing time with a neighbor in the family of eight. It was winter and with the babysitter, who had to get because she was losing all her money. He had a serious side as well, one he seldom shared with other people because it usually had to do with math and electronics. His dad would come home from his job selling used cars and find the society's hanging out of the walls or the ceiling rigged up with test tubes. His mom took most of the credit for this. During the war she'd been in WIBES—Women Instructors in Radio Electronics, a corps of female electronics wizards—and T.J. responded well to her coaching.

Sometimes his serious side and his funny side, with unpredictable results. There was the still he constructed on the table. There was the radio transmitter he put together to jam the high school principal after he tried to ban dancing, at a girls' school. And there there was the time he academically blew up the class bid at the local high school. He was supposed to be working on a science project, but instead he was working on a "Theater in a Box" of his own design. He was selling out of school with a printed pamphlet offering a high premium if one blew up in your face. It was his last one.

Consciously it was important to have the right team. That's how an explosion of semiconductor factories since 1980 and a high demand for microprocessors for highly trained personnel, engineers and technicians alike. These were also a few openings for untrained individuals with good people who were eager to learn. For

those who didn't measure up, there was no place at Cypress at all.

It was 7:45 a.m. when T.J. got out of his car. Yield losses had fallen to the lowest in the world this year. The term refers to the number of newly created semiconductors that actually work—maybe half, maybe two-thirds of the several hundred chips that have just been in hot-oven baked onto a four- or five-inch silicon wafer. Yield loss is one of the most closely guarded secrets in the semiconductor industry. One of the most sensitive the yield seems to make product less waste from the company's impenetrable patterns of wafer lubricants.

Semiconductor manufacturers repartee grueling daily with the sum total of quality executives. If you became a Pro-Frag belt snapper's stiff, the chance of its passing through is practically nil, but at the quantum level, Pro-Frag belts pass through walls of the time. To order these microscopic particles so that they can carry information as deceptively as letters on a page is a highly technical art. The law of entropy teaches that chaos is the natural state of the world. T.J.'s whole life has been devoted to defying that law—at the quantum level by manufacturing semiconductors, at the human level by organizing all these people to work together. Yield was one way of keeping score.

Yield was also what would determine whether the goal for this quarter could actually be met. At the moment, reviews from the quarter were less than half over, but the numbers were in. And just there were enough errors to suggest the plan for the remaining weeks should be good. If the sales coming out of the lubricating plant ("lub") continued enough chips that worked. If not, there was no way.

"I've got to go to another meeting," T.J. said. "Will you guys tell me what happened over the weekend? What are the numbers?"

T.J. appeared completely calm except for a tiny rippling motion in the muscles at the back of his neck. The daily chores were creating tiny wrinkles there, wrinkles that were not inappropriate on the face of a tends young businessman who had \$20 million of other people's capital—and who used to become a millionaire himself if his genetic past off.

"It didn't look too good," said a young engineer with Tessendorf. He nodded off a list of numbers.

"So it's erratic yield? Four hundred, five hundred, then zero on the other weeks?"

"When I was here last night they ran for area and one four-hundred," the young engineer replied. "But I don't know if they were sorting clearly enough or not."

"So you don't know yet?"

T.J. headed through a pair of high school



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en doors into the manufacturing hall of the building. There, in a glass-walled room known as the torture, a bank of machines was probing newly etched wafers with needles and sputtering ink on the dies that didn't respond. T.J. turned to the yield chart, which was hanging on a clipboard on the wall.

As he accepted the numbers, he began to realize for the first time that something had gone seriously wrong. There'd been some problem runs, but the new one wasn't a bid mistimed. (In one run the yield was consistently high, T.J. agreed. He had a bet with U.S. Steel, the Dallas venture capitalist who's chairman of his board, that they'd make their customer there was still a chance he could win. The current prediction was that the company would end the quarter shipping 38,000 over the mark—if any of fifteen probable quarters didn't strike before the end of the week.

Aside from losing his bet and disappointing all his employees, a tragic catastrophe would happen if they didn't make it. Their goal was triple the goal for last quarter—and they'd only matched the manufacturing plant two months before. The workers would understand. Other semiconductor start-ups take a year to turn in a new chip, then run into big problems, stack up millions of dollars. And end up with new management. The Valley was full of engineers who had started their firms on a shoestring, gotten off the ground, but then couldn't handle the pressure. That's close to T.J.'s concern: the one that said he could be fired from his job at a price of his own company, fire it as fast as with one cause—that was a standard clause for a Silicon Valley start-up. Built now his company was performing well beyond expectations. He was walking on water. It was a posture he wanted to maintain.

That evening, after an eleven-hour day, T.J. headed to the Semiconductor Industry Association's annual Forecast Dinner at the Marriott in Santa Clara. Lehman Brothers, the New York brokerage house, had invited him to a predator cocktail party, a party at which almost all the guests would be presidents of promising new semiconductor companies that hadn't yet gone public—entrepreneurs and like G. presso. T.J. soon found himself sipping wine with a well-dressed young stock analyst, and trading stories with Jerry Sanders, the founder's man of commerce.

Jerry Sanders is the president of Advanced Micro Devices, the fast-growing company in the semiconductor industry. A blonde man who owns a Bell Air mansion, a Malibu beach house, and a couple of Rothschilds, he is known as the Valley as the king. T.J. worked for him from 1980, after trying and failing to get his first venture funded, until 1986, when he and three of his five vice presidents quit the company to form

so we understand the rules, that's fine. He'd stick me in five assassinate if he could, but he can't—because I've got big guys behind me." This was a reference to the venture capitalists at Cypress's behalf. "So he leaves me alone only because I have his, and I leave his alone only because I can't get as close to him as he is. And that's when they come in and they drag us in like flies. We'll burn his butts, we'll rape his women, and we'll dance on the bones of his children."

"They're doing fairly well," the analyst observed guardedly.

Jerry Sanders runs the best semiconductor company in the United States.

"Why do you think that is?"

"Because Jerry Sanders is a salesman and a business man. He's just an engineer. He brings back the rosiness of the marketplace. If you don't ship the RAM, it's your mistake—which is the way it is. You can make all the excuses about so-and-so getting vacation or whatever, but basically the customer puts out the load the RAM falls into the bin, and you lose. Somebody else gets the order like Nippon Electric. And Jerry Sanders is brutal enough to bring that reality back into his company. It's trying to teach you like Life. I'd compare it to people rightly. They understand that life's unfair."

Life or death: that's the third reason at Cypress, along with West Coast play and *Only the Best*. The one was something he learned at his first job, in a place called American Microsystems, where he worked until eleven o'clock every night for five years learning state-of-the-art memory chips and losing money. The chips were manufactured by a process he'd developed at Standard, a precursor of CMOS called VMOS. Finally, when it was obvious that VMOS wouldn't make it, he left American Microsystems, tried and failed to start his first venture, and joined AMD—where, he was assigned to do

cover, eleven versions of the same chips were being sold quite successfully. Until then he'd always assumed, like most Americans of his generation, that life was—or ought to be—basically fair. Now he knew that the best you could do was stay in position to get started.

Sanders took the phone after dinner and announced that in China this was the Year of the Rat. "You know, talking about the Chinese zodiac," he said, "you know that there are two lucky stars in the Year of the Rat and they represent wealth and power. It means that in the Year of the Rat it's easy to make money."

"Now, I'm not going to mind the last-caster's thunder, but I will point out that AMD has grown year-to-year more than 100 percent. Of course, I'd like to point out that that's because I was born in the Year of the Rat. You're not supposed to draw the conclusion that I'm a rat. What you are

"We had a little bit of social awareness," T.J. said. "After Kent State they held classes to talk about social responsibility and all that nonsense."



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suggested to know is that every five years—every forty years, which means once in a normal person's lifetime—100 have the Year of the Golden Rat. And because it or not...this is it. We've adapted! So, I'll say shareholders..."

"The room exploded with laughter. TJ looked

After Sanders came the forecast, which was indeed rays, and then an appearance by the Valley's two commissioners, and then a brief question-and-answer session. Finally the King offered a parting thought, "just remember," he said, "that the real cost you more than the average Chinese car in a month."

A ripple of nervous laughter crossed the floor.

"Dopey," Sanders squealed. "That was cool, but that life is cruel."

Pusted (after) and a nervous stetle. Would the King up to the noise? TJ asked.

"And if you don't believe me—wait a year."

The news at Tuesday morning's shop review was good: there was high yield on the sales that had come out of fish over the weekend, and an some of the newer sales as well. That meant there were more than enough units to fill existing orders by the end of the week, meaning they could all be assembled, tested, and shipped in time. But something was bound to go wrong somewhere, and since it looked like there'd be incentives on a couple of products, the sales department volume would get some last-minute orders. TJ took his daily rounds through the shop floors and returned, fresh and relaxed, for a meeting with a woman from a San Jose ad agency who wanted him to do a testimonial for the real estate developer who was naming the cause and benefit fields as Cypress's table of the road side a high priority.

That evening TJ returned home to find his wife and friend celebrating a birthday in the kitchen with a bottle of Frenchman. He reached for the refrigerator and pulled out some Louis Roederer brut. "This is the real stuff," he declared. "The three I like about it is it's a lot of earth, it's got a real thick body and a lot of chalk in the nose. You want some, Kathleen? You were so damp!"

Back in Oakbrook, TJ and Kathleen had been high school sweethearts. Fourteen years ago, when he graduated from Dartmouth and she from Marquette, they'd gotten married, but after nine years together they'd split up. For the last five years she'd lived in the Midwest, in Illinois, too, when she decided to move back. Diane came, too. TJ expected the glass of Pinot from the sink. Kathleen knew. "It's okay," he said.

"Are you done with that boozey?" she asked. TJ dumped his chopped onions into the skillet, the beginning of a chow mein he was making to go on the sandwich that was warming on the counter. "The case of Champagne, the last barrels where they age the wine—those are chalk mining," he continued. "They were doing mining times. The chalk was imported to Rome."

"This is in France?" Diane asked. "Wine won't such a big deal in the Midwest. Diane at Whistable, in the golden hills between Silicon Valley and San Francisco, it seemed to be all people called about Apple from semiconductor houses, of course."

"Northwest were distant of France." "That's where we'll go for our next vacation," said Kathleen.

"When we were in France we never went to Paris," TJ boasted. "We just went to Burgundy, one vacation after another. It had a great time."

Diane made a dry noise.

"We were saving that much," he said. "After you leave Dartmouth your driving goes down exponentially. When you're at Dartmouth you're an eighteen-year-old student and you reach a toxicity level that would be fatal to the average thirty-five year old."

"That's strange," Diane remarked. "I once dated a bookkeeper that came out of the Dartmouth psychology department. It was called *Loathing the Grip*."

TJ laughed. "The infantry at Dartmouth was called Dick's hooligan. It was named after a guy named Dick who did his postures had a lot of respect. On big weekends you'd see people being wheeled in, stanchions—there'd you'd cut—look at this one." He pushed up his shirt sleeve to reveal a paged out on his biceps.

"I had a disagreement one night in the fraternity. I was winning my weekend uniform, which was a jeans, cut-off t-shirt (I mean naked, chest and everything). Our group was called the Dukhobors. Hippies, and other stuff. I was winning my weekend uniform in the 90th. I had a big heart on the back of my jacket with a cross written out and I had painted a star on my shoulders and my roommate lost the last rock medal. So I had an entire chest full of medals. We'd go down for the parties where the girls would come in their shorts and Hollywood..."

"Just like *Animal House*," said Kathleen. "I lived through it."

"The uniforms never got washed. After four years they could stand up. We'd go buy cases of lava fish and we'd take the oil and give ourselves a nice little oil-cell bath. We'd eat a little bit, have a jug full of beer in the chow house. Then we'd go to the mitters and these little honesty with flats and standard items would be there to see the Dartmouth animals, and they would not be ready for what the real Dartmouth animals were."

"This was the *Sopranos*?" Diane was in-

croaking. "It sounds like the *Sopranos* after *last* *Dartmouth*."

TJ reached into the cupboard for the chow—little jars of imported Atlantic clams, tiny and tender and flavorful, the best. The cupboard was arranged in artistic rows: clams and capers and can anchovies and pâté, Moussehead and Dos Equis and Anchor Steam beer, cherries and peaches and gooseberries and mandarin oranges, all in a straight line, labels facing out. It represented a core move from his never-ending war against entropy, one more victory for order.

"We had a little bit of social awareness," he said as he strained clams juice into his skillet. "After Kent State they held classes to talk about social responsibility and all that nonsense."

"The Cambodian invasion was a tragedy," Kathleen responded. Since his years at Dartmouth, he hadn't always talked like this. He'd been against Vietnam. He'd put on blue jeans and a hand-crafted wooden shirt and organized for McGovern with his mom. In '75 he noted the headlines had changed. It had begun when he had to read about when he realized that you can give money to some cause if you don't make any first. Discovering that life in uniform had only hardened him. He'd gone from Jerry Brown and Jimmy Carter to Ronald Reagan. Governor Moosheim, he called Brown now. Jimmy the Warp. The Sevenses embarrassed him.

"Anyways, we were having this little wrestling match at the frat house and that guy offended me and I was, as my brother would say, running an seven cylinders. I took a big roundhouse punch at him and he dodged long before the punch got there and I snatched my hand through a window. So I go to Greek house and we've get some Harvard here, seeing people up. I mean it's like *MAA-SSA*, you know? This guy just somewhere in me and I couldn't feel it. I was like, 'I'm not going to do this again. I have this little Southern belief and I'm going, 'He's gonna die! Ah no! Ah no! You gonna die?' Then I hop up, go back to the fraternity, continue the party. That was Dartmouth, circa 2000. But it was just on weekends. I did not drink. I only studied during the week."

"He worked hard and he played hard," Kathleen marveled. "It's two ends of the continuum."

"At Dartmouth, when you get down to it, was really godfearing," TJ reflected. "It got you ready."

"Yeah," Kathleen gave her momma a kiss and took another rap of champagne. "Well, *Animal House* was indeed behavior, and I guess that's the rule of the game. No holds barred. You're supposed to be constantly bashing the next guy. I guess it's warfare—socially acceptable warfare."

The skin juice had been reduced by two thirds. TJ grinded and splashed some vermouth into the pan.

Sometimes a man can fight too hard. Sometimes a mother can love too much.



agon and announced it was time he left for home. "You're interested in some of the human quality things," he said, pulling out an ornate envelope. "I grabbed a couple of items which I'll leave with you." Then he left, and Steve was alone.

"Christ! Shookley," TJ declared.

"He hasn't cracked a patch in it," Kathleen said as she pulled a sealed set of correspondence and article reprints out of the envelope. The first issue was a paper Shockey had written for Leader magazine, a liberal-publications monthly with articles by Lewis Thomas and the president of South Korea and poetry by Eugene Hoshiko. "The effectiveness of leaders," Shockey's contribution began, "will determine on a worldwide basis by the year 2000 because of the nature of dynamics on their differences. Hypothesis is the cause for backward evolution caused by the excessive reproduction of the genetically disadvantaged."

TJ rolled his eyes. Only the best was one thing in a corporate slogan, quite another in social policy. That was what Shockey, more interested in being "right" than in what other people think. And what if he were right? What would you do about it? Steve had built the place! Voluntary euthanasia for the less fortunate.

Kathleen suppressed a giggle. "TJ is afraid of what would come out if we'd used his sperm. I mean he's a real guy, but..."

TJ got a ride to the plant after lunch and crawled through the assembly area, then locked himself in his office to finish his speech. Kathleen had invited Steve and Anna Kipnis for the evening, which made it an ideal time for her to disappear. She was the single most over-protective at Cypress Park, and in TJ's opinion, her attitude and best friend, TJ, had forced her to work at Aerospace Measurements nearly a decade ago, and since then they'd gone through the YMOB years together, and had failed to put together an effective semiconductor startup, and then abandoned the triumphs and the frustrations of AMD. Anna got what was left.

Shortly after they arrived, she began asking TJ what he was going to address some of the human problems that were developing in the company. "Human problems" was code for resistance at being driven to death. TJ immediately shifted to a defensive posture. "I push people to work their tails off," he said. "But they work because they want to be better than the other guys in the other companies."

"Yeah, but you common them out. They've worked hard for other companies. Anyone who works for Cypress is an atheist. There's something about the way the group of you push them together."

"Well," said TJ, "you're right if you think our company has excellent management."

Anna looked perplexed. "Did I say that? I don't think it's management. I really don't. I think there's something I don't know about—personality or whatever. But I've never seen so many people work like that. And I think they're all crazy."

"We've worked on the human thing there to work harder," Steve said. "That's an environment that you create by giving other something that not everybody can reach. Even the levels you're working with is not quite sure what can be done."

"That's right," said TJ. "And they want

to do their job and be successful. And you say, 'That's not good enough, you're going to do much and such.' They say, 'I don't know if I can do it.' And you say, 'I have confidence in you. You can do it. Go for it!' And then all of a sudden they're on an aggressive hinge."

Kathleen got out the movie and slipped it into the video recorder. TJ had wanted *Palin or The Right Stuff*—his favorite movie of all time, although the book was better—but she'd maneuvered *The Big Chill* instead. She'd had a lot of things she'd been thinking about lately, like how the values of the Stoics had carried into the values of the Righties. She felt part of a group that had gone away from reason for the sake of a more emotional, more personal connection in its self-delusion. What had happened? And what was going to happen as they all got older? Already she had friends who were planning an emotional

liver for their old age, who were buying houses in the country so they could name each other without relying on public health facilities, which barely work now and are only likely to get worse.

The two of them sat in the home room. Steve and Anna sat on the sofa across from the massive stone fireplace. TJ and Kathleen on flanking wing chairs. Lynn, a friend of Kathleen's, sat on the sofa next to Anna. No one spoke until midway through the movie, when TJ demanded an emergency. He was hungry. As he snatched off the set, Kathleen brought out a bowl of pita salad and a glass bowl she'd brought in the deli. "So what were you like then?" she asked. She caused the Stoics.

"Steve had an A.M." Anna said.

"I had straight... were-in glasses..."

"How do you retrospective writing books now?"

"My sister strangled me out," Steve said. "I told her I wanted to be a teacher and she wrote me a ten-page letter. Anna helped too. She said, 'Get me the hell out of here. I don't want to live like that for the rest of my life!'"

"Those were the days of the draft lottery," Anna said. "And Steve got a real high number. He got a draft-deferred job with Bell Labs, and when he was eligible because his lottery number was too high, we checked everything and moved to California. That's what fewer children did at those days."

"T.J., you were in ROTC," Steve said. "What happened to you?"

"I did a right-left-right during my life. I went through college, joined ROTC, and learned that the Army is full of a bunch of assholes. So I quit, and I, I went straight into ROTC all the way."

"We used to eat at ROTC when I went to school," Steve said. "In those days, there was lower cost."

"I truly believe that the future of America lies in nuclear weapons," TJ declared with a grin.

Kathleen snorty choked on her wine. "Wait a minute, TJ. Wait a minute!"

"Wait me to do my little Raisin short, Kathleen?"

"No, Thanksgiving."

"Raisin? Raisin? Raisin?" Kathleen gave her a sour look. TJ responded by rolling her on the floor.

"No! Leave me alone! He's trying to toe me into being a Republican. Can you believe it, after all these years?" She squirmed away from him and looked up from the floor. "Are you getting conservative, Lynn?"

"I've retained my philosophies more than most people I know. I think that's one reason why I haven't become more conservative. I'm held back by that."

"That's the synthesis at the feeling here in Silicon Valley," Anna observed.

TJ laughed. "Sounds like you need the Reverend Billy Gribson to put his hand on

your forehead and say, 'You are cured! And then you're supposed to go 'Money! Money! Money!'"

"I don't know," Kathleen said. "Sometimes I feel guilty for having advantages."

"Money is not necessarily harmful," Anna reminded her. "You can good for business as well as make money."

"Do you feel instead, if you have money, it's supposed to be used?" TJ cracked.

"I believe you can spread it around and enjoy life too," Anna said. "I don't believe it's an to have a comfortable life."

"That's right," TJ said as he switched the movie back on. Kathleen went to the kitchen and came back with dessert—an assortment of trifle filled with lime and strawberries. Kevin Kline and Mary Kay Place and William Hurt appeared onscreen in their living room, rolling over the sofa-side of their cable friend, Alvin—a brilliant physics student who, unlike TJ, had turned away from science. As the green glow of the television lit the night, the friends ate their pants and heard a conversation that was a flickering image of their own.

"Sometimes I think I've put that line down and personalized it. I wasn't real just so I can live with how I am now."

"I know what Alex would say."

"What?"

"What's for dessert?"



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PROFILE

On the Edge

The groundhog that was once tagged as "lonely, poor in, and there
not" has long since dropped back to working reality position in the
gold field. Gold miners are back in the country. Martinek and
other miners like him have come back to work because a
commodities crash has driven the gold market, causing their considerably educated
and ambitious to explore private minerals richer than private enterprises.

JOHN MARTINEK IS HIS OWN
MASTER, HIS OWN CAPTAIN, BUT
IS HE TOO INDEPENDENT
TO KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING?

It is midafternoon on a balmy Monday in September when John Martinek goes to the biggest wave he's seen in a week. He waits, watching it build in a steady roll that cuts on the horizon. When it comes bursting in, he goes for his turbulent bottom shear. He pulls it up. The crashing waves now have him violently pitched and for one giddy moment, the deserted beach spread out before him. Martinek is long of his own singular world: a thirty-five-year-old Hack Pint playing truant, down worlday San Francisco, which even now thrives visibility in the background, two miles and light-years away.

Suddenly he's tossed end over end down the front of the wave. It leaves him underwater, pulling him helplessly along the grimly ocean floor. Finally deposited in the knee-high

whitewash of its retreat, Martinek collects his board, shakily toward shore, and pulls a cold beer from a warm cooler. "It does keep me," he says. "I might have to get a real job. I could get killed being unemployed."

Martinek is not exactly unemployed. He's just returned from three months in Alaska, spent running a skiff in the salmon-fishing fleet. His body is lean and hard, his hands bear the large calluses from a season working outdoors, and his nose, broken by whipping long cable, is slightly large. Three years ago he took home \$12,000 for a season's work. His take was less than half that this season, but it still left him with money in the bank and the prospect of many more Mondays doing exactly as he pleases.

In a larger sense, however, Martinek is indeed

Joe Kane's last piece
about miners appeared
in the October 1986 issue.

unemployed, or at least under-employed. He's about thirty-six, well educated (a master's degree), and well tenured. Two years on the academic staff at the University of London, six years teaching and working at Asda. And that's that by the stage of his life he would have designed himself some splendidly mediocre programs, some white-collar pathos, with the perks and privileges befitting a tenured and intelligent.

But he hasn't. In the last ten years he's made his living catching disk, pounding nails, parking cars, tending bar. This careerlessness is too well-honed to be impudent underachievement, too long-term to be simply the hangups of an over-educated great academic who's lost on the working world. Martinek is a deliberately chosen path. "Up to now," he says, "if I ever had a normal job, I'd have considered myself a failure."

What Martinek represents...and I have met John Martinek in New York, in Los Angeles, at Seattle, in Cleveland...is a counterpart to the young career-oriented professionals who are moving up at the nation's other centers. You could hardly call them a movement, but they do constitute a group that has grown more conservative as the yuppie boomers entrenched as the defining archetype of our age. If it is tempting to compare them to the brash or hopped-up pop-up in past decades to mock the men in the gray flannel suits, the comparison only goes so far: among a Silicon Valley generation and others you'll find a former academic, or the younger sibling of one. The generation that came to adulthood in the Fifties didn't want to consider a lot of options. The yuppies are just as generation that tried to move.

They are, however, more interesting. John Martinek tends to be more philosophical than reflexive. What happens, they're asking, if the Talmud's definition of success—success you can state, even if you're not quite sure what it means—isn't satisfying? If the world is any other society (the Swiss come immediately to mind) that might be a whole world waiting to be explored, but if there is one thing that distinguishes this time it is the adventurer's subculture, a feeling that the adventurer is already known. "Unknown" then becomes not a voyage into the unknown but a setting up of boundaries against the unknowable. Or so say its advocates.

At thirty-five, John Martinek has had some successes, and he's come to some conclusions about life and work, the most important of which is this: he is determined not to let the world pursue the life. He saw that happen to his parental generation, and perhaps even more so, to a young it happened to him.

With an air of, why, on that splendid afternoon, John Martinek is surfing in the warm Pacific sun.

A young woman swirls up the beach

His careerlessness is entirely deliberate: "Up to now," says Martinek, "if I ever had a normal job, I'd have considered myself a failure."

through Martinek, taking an afternoon break from her corporate-salad job in a nearby office. "How's the surf?" she asks. "Wonderful." "Got the day off?" "Every day, rise to rise." She says. "That must be nice." Martinek takes a long pull off his beer. "Yes," he says finally. "It is, it is."

It's unseasonably foggy when I meet Martinek. Tuesday morning at his apartment on San Francisco's Russian Hill. There's a hazy view of San Francisco Bay from his living room, but news is not on his mind today. Work is. "The sun's just gone up, it's mostly the sunrise. Fishing payback is in the water via Encino Marina, so I'll fish first," he says. "I've got to find a job."

Job finding one of the heavier emotions of the life Martinek's chosen. A career professional sacrifices certain freedoms for an established order, but that order provides, however vaguely, a living, a place to live in—security. Martinek has his gone. "I wish I was more of a academic type," he says. "I've never suffered economic angst over, you know, who am I if I'm doing this kind of work." Still, there's the reality of earning a paycheck. "I know something will come along," he says. "I always do. I've learned that by now. Maybe I'll be working dishes, maybe I'll find something I want to stick with for several years." There is an edge of doubt in his voice, a hint of frustration, and I ask him about it. "You know," he says, "I was told myself that when I reached thirty-five, I'd be ready to settle down into a 'real' job. Now that time has come."

He has, though, two jobs. Of sorts. An old friend, Ed Murray-Gillies, has temporarily hired him as his personal finance training coach. Two hours an hour, six mornings a week. We meet Glaser for

morning in front of his apartment two blocks from Martinek's. "I consider a good living, and I heard Martinek was unemployed," Glaser tells us as we jog down the steep hill outside his apartment. "He's a good writer. I need some discipline to get it shape. It works well for both of us."

Glaser, graying fifty, made a lot of money building hospitals, and as we run he offers career suggestions to Martinek, who has narrowed that he's looking for "serious" work. "You're fifteen years behind," Glaser tells him. "You've got to get on the track. I'd look into hotel management. You're smart, you have a lot of personal love, you like people. You start out managing, later you put together a syndicate, buy a couple of resorts."

"I know, hanging around at thirty-five is great, but what are you going to do when you're fifty?"

Martinek is easily unnerved but non-confrontational. There's a faint smile on his face, a desire for him to show. I notice that he's carried a notebook with him, the morning paper. "Help wanted, experienced senior executive. Apply Martinek Hotel." I look him over. "Must be fun to be a hotel, maybe a bellboy," he says. "Get an idea of what the industry is like. Let's head over to Sog's."

Stop in Stop Twinkie. He and Martinek are building a shishkabob in Twinkie's North Beach apartment. They work hard through the morning, painting walls, constructing a table for an colleague. "Get a pretty good head of steam up for a hobby," Martinek says when it's time for lunch. He's a pretty fair photographer, imagined by his friend, award-winning photographer Garry Rowell. In fact, over lunch at Maria's Restaurant, Capitola, State, one of Martinek's favorite haunts, he's in the company of a woman who handles public relations for an upstart San Francisco health club. She's helping Martinek arrange a shishkabob she'd be took in 1983, when he was part of an expedition that attempted to climb Mount Everest. "Might be a few dollars at it," Martinek tells me when she leaves.

After lunch we walk two blocks to the Cole Theatre, the old beat hangout where we meet Ken Bannister. Bannister, twenty-one, went to law school, worked as vice-president of a computer software firm, and now plays cars in North Beach for his basics an hour. "I love it," he says. "I've sold two books in the last three weeks, I met some great women, I have my days free to ride my bike and work out." However, he's getting ready to travel—"wake up this morning, and felt like I should be in Bali"—and he wants to turn the job over to Martinek, "so we can get the insurance straightened out." Martinek says he'll take it, just as he knew he would. "I go offsite and read school Martinek's writing." ("To my high school girlfriend: Twenty years later I still dance every night like you") as Martinek answers his



PHOTOGRAPH BY GERMANY

THE SENSE

all commitment to joblessness is one of the few constants in Martinek's life. It's become a great success at not succeeding.

"Personal office doesn't know about the heliport yet," Martinek tells him. "Drums has been, and heads home."

Back at his apartment, he calls Harvey Glaser and tells him about his income.

"The trick, John, is to get you to meet the right people without standing in line."

"I didn't do too badly."

"Look where you ended up."

"You've got a pot. Thanks."

Martinek hangs up, thinks for his money to change. When he comes out, he's carrying a typewriter. The polyester pants cost squarely on top of it.

"If Martinek ever took a desk job, he'd end up R. P. McMurphy," says Lauren Denton. Denton was Martinek's preferred angle of years back. She's a striking woman—her Apaches-Mexicans ancestry has given her rigid, angular lines and dark glowing eyes—and besides him in the roll in yet another North Beach role. Denton walks tall, carries herself with a definite disengagement that several other characters. But she's writing today to discuss Martinek, and she has a few things she wants to say.

"When I was seeing John," she begins, "he was working on legislation that that Everest expedition he was on in '86. He was working out of his house—what could be meilleure, right?"

"Well, one day I was in the living room, and I heard this shout from down the hall. He'd ripped the piano out of the wall and tossed it three stories down to the street. That's the way he is—but that's the adventure I've ever seen."

When Martinek started fishing in Alaska, he brought Denton up to wave her on the boat for ten days. One scene in particular stuck with her. In her estimation, the day's work done, Martinek sat alone in a tuskie he'd told her to store away at the currents waiting about the boat, then glided smoothly up at the surrounding meadows.

The peaks looked like they were moving. Denton tells me: "It was wonderful, and I asked John where he learned to do that. He said it just happened to him one day. That's the way he is."

Gold Martinek was satisfied with a fisherman's life?

"It's long. I think he was kinda sad up there. Like, it was obvious that he wasn't a Yeshiva-man. The most of those guys are. He didn't, you know, think like a shtetl."

"But at the same time he loved it. He revels in physiologist, in being outdoors. When he's working like that, he's pure."

Martinek even likes about climbing anything seriously, over the long term?

Denton tips her coffee and thinks for a moment. "Yes," she says. "It is a dream yes. Two things he wanted to be a semi-explosive player in a New Wave band, and he wanted to be a stand-up comic."

"People are tremendously jealous of the freedom he has. He gets put down a lot for it, and that may be starting to get to him."

A woman friend and I are having dinner in a women's coffee shop about five o'clock. She's a graphic designer, single, married in the sense that she's currently married to a male. We're talking about the story. She's had this kind of "conscious," and she brings up a point I hadn't considered, that it's something a man has to choose, but a woman still will. "She's the quadrant leader," Martinek says. "It's her quadrant leader. She's wet, and the hardest worker. When he was a second mate for me, he learned more, faster, than anybody I ever worked with. But I think it's that she's so keen to learn, that keeps him from sticking with things. His natural inclination is to get into and out of things fast. His principal drive is entertainment, to entertain or to be entertained. Everything he does is in a prism."

She says again Martinek exhibited. Now it's help for a project he'd become obsessed with: The Hawaiian economy he'd lived in relied on an increasingly scarce wood supply. Martinek wanted to convert the fishing and trapping systems to solar energy.

"He'd been working on it for years," says Martinek. "He raised \$15,000 in a few months. We purchased land, too—two thousand feet in the mountains, no electricity, had to bring everything in by mule. Still, it's not the kind of thing Martinek would do for a living. He doesn't have the patience for long-lasting things. His attention span is too short."

"But I do know that people are tremendously jealous of the freedom he allows himself. He gets put down a lot for it, and that may be starting to get to him. It comes down to what kind of pain you're willing to open yourself up to."

On the drive back to San Francisco I tell Martinek some of what Novell has told of him. "Shtetl, people assume me of trying too hard to be different," he says. "Maybe they're right. But I remember back in high school making a conscious decision not to be normal. A lot of people do that. But I stuck with it. I like being labeled a fuck off. That's only strengthened my love of green glasses."

"Why?"

"I guess I like to have options."

crush themselves. They met at graduate school. Novell was studying architecture, and he never contracted from his Berkeley home. Martinek lived with Novell while they were in school and helped him remodel the home into the showpiece it is now. These days Novell sometimes signs up temporary jobs for Martinek when he's scrubbing for work.

Novell grew up with a bottle of the house red and three wine glasses.

"Unwound," says Martinek, taking a healthy draw. "Name, but not smug."

"Finally," says Novell, "but not pretty."

"A full-bodied companion, suitable for many occasions."

"Like bawling, or taking the car." Martinek bends off to inspect the wine cellar, and Novell and I follow in the expansive back door to the backstack added to the main house. It's a two-story addition that looks like a Mayan pyramid. We're in the kitchen of Martinek's friends. Who's this? Martinek's "man's girl?"

"I say Martinek the Thirty-Seventh Expert," Novell says. "He's the quadrant leader. He's wet, and the hardest worker. When he was a second mate for me, he learned more, faster, than anybody I ever worked with. But I think it's that she's so keen to learn, that keeps him from sticking with things. His natural inclination is to get into and out of things fast. His principal drive is entertainment, to entertain or to be entertained. Everything he does is in a prism."

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"Why?"

"I guess I like to have options."

We're on Bosphorus now, the dirty salts of North Beach. The Novell/Martinek outfit has been pummeled by sunburn and heat and, evidently, against the pleasure-seeker audience of the local night life. Martinek could easily pass for an amateur if professor. I suggest that it's time thing to have options when you're twenty five, whether you're forty, thirty-five, "You're right," he says. "Frankly, it's a little boring this summer, being stuck on a tight budget with five people two years younger than me." But it's more than a question of boredom. There is the place. At thirty-five, both here, isn't there some desire for more stable life, some desire to make a larger work?

"You yeah," he admits. "I always had myself at thirty-five I'd settle into something sensible. But not this year. Hell, I've never been more... Hell, Harvey's right. I'd like to have more than options for me when I get fifty."

"And that kind of life is on the way, I can see." Martinek admits. "A lot of times it comes down to, 'Am I gonna go somewhere, take this job, or am I gonna keep this relationship going?' Guess which Guy's which choice I usually make?"

Given that, it's not possible that his current job-search might lead to something more strenuous than, say, parking cars or doing carpentry?

"Definitely," he says. "The problem now is, what do I have to do, and when can I do it?" That last in his apartment a little later, his mood has shifted slightly. Novell, beneath a pile of books he's currently reading—*West with the Night*, *Government Men*, *The Politics of Women*, *Southwest Asia*, *The Story of Philosophy*—has extracted a beaten copy of *Walden* he bought for a sophomore English class way back when.

He hands me the book, opened to a passage he'd underlined that morning. Today's black ink block stands out from the marginal notes scribbled in a light blue pen almost twenty years before. Martinek reads: "Man's primary obligation is not to the state, but to universal law." If you substitute society for state, that pretty well describes my thinking. I want to change the world, who better to do that than you have to put the right infrastructure in place. Right? You can then attack everything in rush hour, sustainable and poised off. Who's the power?

"I'm not saying I'm not into any higher universal law, but I think life is short and you should live it in a way that's... um... that's meaningful. And that you enjoy."

Life is indeed short, as we who have come of age in the 1980s understand both uniquely and paradoxically. On the one hand, we live life because we are told so—either the global apocalypse, the end of

life, or a human's touchstone. On the other hand, given the medical sophistication of our times and, perhaps, the marketing mentality of the sociopathic message, death probably seems destined to us as to any generation that has gone before. Very few of us have borne witness to it in an immediate, physical way.

The sense of paradox translates directly to our concept of work. Somewhere in the purple margins we have nevered the work ethic of the 1960s, a belief in the upward vector of material gain. But it is a belief that may be a quiet load of cosmic dust, a meteoroid of apathy that sends us spattering down paths we haven't actually chosen. The question is so simple it seems almost cliché to bring it up, but that's what people like Martinek are asking: What is the point of success? What's better? *Code TV*? A "state of mind."

"I'm not talking about a week later. I'm driving through North Beach when I spot Martinek in front of a popular restaurant. He's wearing a white sheepskin, standing next to a sign that reads *WANT SUCCESS*. "What power?" I yell out. "What happened to the real job?" Martinek doesn't do my question. "I change," he says. "Money's good, ten bucks an hour, all I can eat, I drink. I'll be here six months." The smile urges me along. "But then again," he says with a wave, "Italy is beautiful in the winter..."

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You Ought to Get Rich

M

Y friend Lois, I wrote in this space last month, was irritated by what she thought of as the vagueness of M.B.A.s with whom she shared a house in the summer. Lois has a master's degree, but not in business, those with a master's in business considered themselves superior to her because she made less money. They talked among themselves about money, the right things money could buy, how to manipulate people and positions to make more money. I find this sociologically and historically interesting, because the assumption given to money and so all it can buy is cyclic.

Albert Hirschman, a distinguished economic historian at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, argues that since the Industrial Revolution, Western societies have alternated between public interest and private sector. The public interest is that of the citizens in his community; private action means the individual working for his own good—that is, for money. He could not try to do this in his community, he writes, "is one in which men think they and one drug and then open getting it, find out in their dismay that they don't want it nearly as much as they thought, and that something else, of which they were hardly aware, is what they really want." Hirschman's essay is called *Shifting Asymmetries*. The first things people want are necessities: food, clothing, shelter, mobility. Then they want enrichment and luxury. "[A] want advertisement for a BMW," Hirschman writes, "blasts out: *WE WANT THIS, WE WANT THAT, WE WANT THAT*."

Now think back to the ads for the Peace Corps. Pictures of strong, kindly young Americans in the African bush, the South American tropics. They were digging latrines, building schools, planting rice. What did the Peace Corps promise those who signed up? "The Toughest Job You'll Ever Love." Hard work, long hours, low pay—and satisfaction. The Peace Corps volunteers were motivated by public concern, not private gain. The Peace Corps was very much a *Stoic* phenomenon. As was the concern about the environment and pollution. In the Stoic tradition death for everyone was the deepest and most unknown mortality: joints, hosts, Army fatigues. Two governors of Califor-

negative, money-oriented part of the psyche, individuals say. "Mr. man, I were more." In the bawling 1980s nobody but ones told by their masters that their wealth was the will of God. John D. Rockefeler said, "God gave me my money" and he believed it. Russell Conwell, a nineteenth-century preacher and educator, delivered an enormous popular speech on the Chautauq circuit called "Acres of Diamonds," which did not merely倡导 self-help, but insisted a study to get rich.

"Opportunity lurks in everyone's pocket," and Conwell "Everyone can and should get rich." Conwell defined "Acres of Diamonds" more than six thousand times to adhering audiences, and started from \$8 million, in an age when a beer and a sandwich cost five cents.

One was to see where we are in the cycle. Turn to the business pages of the newspaper. In the 2000s business leaders were outpouring lots of wisdom, dispensing their opinions on the state of the world and the course of the markets. Remember John J. Raskin, everyone's editor-in-chief in 2000 in the *Editorial Monitor*, of *Business Week*, who was a good investor? In the 1980s the public, rained by the Crisis—exposed over the oil sentence given to Robert Wadlow, president of the New York Stock Exchange—Stock market—did not come to an end in the 1980s, but in the 1920s bankers and brokers were willing to invest in the country.

In the 1980s astute federal officials watch over the banks and the brokerage houses, and television-watching Americans fled directly toward *Shanty Business* and E.P. Breuer and Merrill Lynch. But there are still hoplites and pharangyons in the laws that can be exploited by the quick and the clever, and if and when the economic climate changes, public wrath could rise the way it did in the 1980s. With the past twelve months, for example, we have seen some impressive examples of what is called corporate governance. The image goes that, buy a block of stock in a

Asian States (as the author of *The Money Game* Superpowers, Powers of Mind, and Paper Money

hypothecated the company, Jerry Brown slept on a mattress on the floor, drove a plebeian blue Plymouth, and went off to a Zen center in Marin County for contemplation. Ronald Reagan's advisers were the rich businessmen of Los Angeles, and he took some of them to Washington, where they restored the white tie and tails as a mark of the presidency. In the election campaign last fall poor Felix Montalbano charged around the country saying, "Let me care for one another, let us be a new society again." The words were right, but the timing was wrong, to most people it sounded doleful rather than compassionate. Pete was out of style.

But

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company whose assets are undervalued in

the marketplace (there are a lot of companies like that these days). Then call up the managers and say you'll loan them a block of the stock and you'll let us come in and discuss some changes that will make us rich. If you've bought more than the management owns—and many management have only salaries, not ownership—the management will be shamed of you. They will think, godlike corporate gods, godlike private loans, godlike Letecos and the Gorchers. Tell the management you'll sell them your block at a premium to the market. But no, it's a lot profit to you. The management will spend the company's money to buy your stock back and make you go away. That's greediness—legal, unlike blackmail. It's legitimate, because the rules say that a company's board of directors can use its best business judgment in determining whether buying a block of stock is the best investment of the company.

So last year the oil-rich Ima

brothers of Rich Worth, Texas, bought a block of *Taco* in January and 25.6 million shares back to *Taco* two months later, making more than \$400 million. That's right, for heated million dollars. Beta

pushing a time clock or teaching English. I have not heard any great cultural survey about the directors of *Taco* putting the directors' \$400 million, the shareholders' "billionaires" money to go away, nor about the aggressive investment techniques that would show that. On the other hand, the money-gathering activities of the Ima brothers have brought false accusations. A newsmonger claims that not only are they \$4 billion, but they have "real sophisticated, social conscience, and social ambition." The director of New York City Ballet says they are replacing the Nogins and the Rockefellers in America's patrician dynasty. Said Steinberg played the game with Disney—Disney Group paid \$32.5 million for 6.3 percent of Disney's stock on March 29, upped its share through the spring, and sold them for \$32.5 million on June 12, less than eighty days later. Big players, big profits. No profits for the ordinary shareholder, though. In fact, the shares of the ordinary shareholder are downvalued in value, because usually the company has to go into debt to buy back the shares of the shareholder.

So

we live in a time when business values are paramount, but even in a era like that,

ANINETEENTH-CENTURY preacher delivered an enormously popular speech called "Acres of Diamonds," which indicated a duty to get rich. He earned from it \$8 million, in a age when a beer and a sandwich cost five cents.

prestige will rarely make a fine-lengthing relation elsewhere. I think it will be enclosed, but the fact is that the numbers in mergers and acquisitions are setting records, the investment bankers who buy and sell companies are making money in both directions, and the making and spending of money is considered such a noble use of one's energies that most aquatics were raised about greenback, except by investors whose particular sheets had been torn by one general activity or another. Greenback—and the reaction to greenback—in a age the ones,

THE hungry young M.B.A.s my friend Lois met are rarely residing in the valuations of the time with their spouses—couples. The popular culture names them—both men and women—statured as rats and bees, with their portable computers, short skirts, and short hair, short hours to live their personal lives well to work long hours. This mode has become as popular that it can't hold its own. The M.B.A. degree is as widely sought by students that it has begun to lose its distinction. Some sixty-three billion M.B.A.s will be granted this year, against an average of only 9,600 in the 1980s—every year ago. There are going to be more disillusioned M.B.A.s, too. The baby-boom generation will find predators hard to come by in corporate America, just because of intense competition from the sheer numbers that they are up against. One day, in 1988, or 2000, money-making will no longer seem like the token of objectives—or at least the money-makers will begin to question where they are going and to what end. Some younger people, perhaps the children of successful M.B.A.s, will do jeans and Army fatigues to show they are indifferent to trend names and designer styles. And the M.B.A.s of the 1980s will seem somewhat apologetic than superior.

But not just yet.



ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LINDNER

Sissy Spacek Grows Up

Adult roles, a little baby, a quiet farm. Isn't life neat?

by Alanna Nash

Alanna Nash is a free-lance journalist who lives in Louisville, Kentucky. Her last article for *Entertainment Weekly* was a profile of *Ernestine Morris*.

"*Uh-oh*," says definitely-had-her-Vision-Visioned *Midwife* costar Patti Teller of the *Center for Traumatized Women*. "She certainly has the *Life* stuff, meaning she's got the *Life* flavor. She has passion, she's spunk, she's irreverent and caring. *I think she's progressed to how to give the whole woman's role a certain, a deeper state of being. And I think little Schuyler just, no, doesn't."*

IN THE SUMMER OF 1981, TALKED INTO *Midwife* actress Diane Downie told her supermarket matron that Sissy Spacek would have a baby girl the following year. Spacek had just made *Midway* and was stepping away from movies for a while, so it wasn't such a preposterous prediction, but still the actress was famous. "How dare she!" said Spacek. "It was the furthest thing from my mind." Nevertheless, in July of 1982, Schuyler Elastique had showed up, right on schedule.

Spacek had always been burdened by her spaz-check persona, but after the baby was born she was more determined than ever it was time, she thought, for Sissy Spacek to be recognized for what she was—not a funny, decide-it-little-girl, but a full-grown, adult woman. And so, during Schuyler's, she vowed, declining the *Death Wish* part in *Terms of Endearment* and other choice roles, buying that when she was ready to resume work (at \$1 million



Photo: Michael Ochs Archives

per picture a few good scripts would still be writing.

Two years later with *The River* she is back. And so excited is she about the prospect of producing a new *Sassy* Speck that she has arranged to appear in two movies back to back. Next comes *Madame Bovary*, directed by her husband and costarring Kevin Kline, in which she plays a thirty-four-year-old unattained photographer who learns to question her choice of career over family. And then from there she will play Marie Brigsby, the Tennessee official who blew the whistle on Governor Ray Blanton's "deceitfully fair cash" parades-and-parties operation.

For the thirty-five-year-old actress, the wait, it seemed, had been worth it. No more little girls, no more Bovines in unpredictable libido. There are grown up, independent women, women just like Speck herself.

One of the things that fuels her still is fear of failure," says Ed Spacek. "She feels that if she makes one mistake it's all over."

THREE YEARS AGO THE FORMER PACKED UP and moved from California to Virginia, where they'd owned a 200-acre horse farm since the late Seventies. After years of steady success in Hollywood, Speck wanted to live a regular life with normal people around. She'd been living rough enough that even in the shopping centers, nobody stared at the dusty-looking woman wearing a man's overcoat, dark-purple jacket with an enormous collar and leg warmers. Her husband, Ed, then 47, had a leg cast and had pulled back in a bouncy pattern and held with a rubber band, and her mode-to-finish complements cover half her face. She's in tary, a state of a tinge at five feet two, standing around a window shopping at a store with one foot on top of the other and her hands shoved down in the pockets of her tweed coat.

Speck makes her purchases and goes to leach the car, a white BMW 735i with a backseat filled with the effects of maternity—a baby's car seat, a couple of plastic bathtubs, and a Wex Pak. "Oh," Schuster said her first sentence the other day. "Speck's matrona." "We were in the car and she stuck a cigarette in the tape player. When the music stopped, we turned around to all of us with these real big eyes and said, 'I did it!' First sentence. A look 'not today'."

Films come along, in Virginia's exclusive horse country, in the Palos dome, a seemingly endless expanse of country

lakes, trees, pastures, fields, orchards—quarter horses, mostly English ones, and nearly that many Thoroughbreds. "There's Jack!" Speck says as the car rounds the lane in the barn. Tall, dark, bearded, and gap-toothed, thirty-nine-year-old Jack Palk, dressed in jeans and a denim shirt, comes walking from the barn leading Fredericks, a chestnut stallion.

"When I met Sassy," Speck says, "the first thing she said was, 'Hi, I want a horse farm.'" Speck gives her a "not exactly, not" look, but concedes she really had wanted one forever. "I had a horse when I was younger," she says, "but growing up in Texas, I never realized pictures like that really existed. Then there, you raised cattle and had a horse or two on the side. I was used to it. I was with horses and geldings and my dog—dancing around to it. There was always Fredericks, to be able to look out the window and see we-

request to produce the record, looking—at a lot of other people did on first hearing the idea—that the project, with the working title *Slightly Flawed*, would be a laughable dud of the *Pat Zinser Show* variety. But Speck insisted on Crowell and promptly headed down to Nashville to persuade him to work with her.

"She came out to the house for a tag of country breakfast," remembers Crowell, a fellow Texan, "and I realized in her soul she had the intelligence and the taste to do it." On the anniversary of June, when Speck was hugely pregnant ("It's hard to get down when you can't see your toes," she croaked), Crowell began to lay down the basic tracks. The next time the two met in the studio, Speck had Sassy with her. "She was very nervous about her pregnancy," says Crowell's wife, singer Roseanne Cash, who contributed backcountry vocals to the album. "But she was very composed about it, too. Then when the kid was born everything broke loose, like, 'I can't believe how much I love this child! I'd bring my kids to the studio, and I remember one day when one of the kids threw up in my hand, I said, 'Oh God,' you know, and started hiccups. But Sassy said, 'It's no fun to have your hand do that!'"

The album, eventually titled *Home's Up My Way*, is dedicated to Schuster. One of the stricter records to come out of Nashville in 1983, the LP did not meet with much commercial success, but Speck does not appear to care.

"It was something I needed to prove to myself," she says of the project. "Besides, I learned stuff—it made me a better person. It's like, I remember taking evening lessons when I was about five, I guess. One day I'd somehow do a figure 8, and I'd do it so well that I invited my mother to see it. When I got home, she was in the kitchen doing supper. I went out front, and I yelled, 'Mother, please come out and see what I learned!' and she said, 'Mother, I can't. I'm frying chicken.'

"Well, I begged her for twenty minutes, and finally she said, 'Okay, now, hurry and show me.' She came out and sat on the steps, wiping the grease off her hands on her apron. And I was so overwhelmed that she came that I forgot how to do it. But what do you do when you forget your lines? You take off! So I grabbed the bacon and twirled it just like my little kid who doesn't know how to twirl. And my mother said, 'Oh, Sassy, you've wasted my time.' And I thought, 'I'll never do that again. I'll get an audience. I'll be prepared.'

"ONE, TWO, THREE, WALK ONE, TWO, THREE, WALK!"

Billy Jeff's "Upjohn Girl" reverberates through the local YWCA. Speck, dressed in a two-and-a-half-inches-of-Virginia-Velour, leg warmers, and aqua gym shorts, takes her place in a vision of leotards. "Now jog, please," calls the in-

"I assume you drink Martell."



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surprise, "and sing in a circle, and break." "Did you see *Carrie*?" a woman in the back of the group asks another. "Well, that actress is in our class." "Where?" her friend asks incredulously. "Over there in the gray T-shirt," "Huh," says the other woman, biting her fingernails. "Looks just like her."

Lately Spock's been all over the community—judging the local 4-H Club Talent Show and leading a hand to the Virginia Special Olympics. But those are still relatively-untouched changes, and because she knows that "if you live a more-or-less life, you know only more-or-less things," she's also been taking what you might call "ordinary lessons," or acting on courses in everyday life. Nothing's been easier in the Spock class, though. "I think the teacher took a look, but, Monday through Friday she goes for movies at the Y, on Wednesdays and Fridays she has pottery lessons with a local artist, and on the weekends, well, there are so many classes, in fact, that Spock has had to make a chart to keep them all straight.

"They've got," she says, grinning out to ear with the exuberance of an eight-year-old. "I think if we could pull all these classes in the computer and figure out what times I can coordinate so I won't be passing myself going into town, that'd be great! I'm meeting a lot of people." And making a lot of friends? "Well," she answers seriously. "You know how long it takes to make really good friends. But Schuyler and I [Jack] are my best friends right now. Somebody, seriously, I have lots of friends here. When we're at the theater, though, we always stay in our little world."

It is a carefully protected little world. Spock is very careful with her words, and of course she knows that it is the only world for two best friends—those who spend time, beside her and Pink, met in 1972, when Spock appeared as a contestant on *The Dating Game*—because, she says, she needed the \$500. "The game was a trap to Truman, but this was some guy who wore a big, heavy coat in summer. Needless to say, I didn't go." And there was some more serious in her life at the time. Her son just had to be one of the few people she was able to see to Spock Spock.

"I was head over heels in love with that guy, and I had been for about three years," Spock recalls wistfully. "But he only cared about me if he thought I was going to be some career girl. He's with a big doctor. I remember us driving through Topeka, and he said, 'This is where you should live someday.' Of course, later on I said, 'I laugh, but that he also said, 'Well, what do you want to do—financier, or what?' And when he said that, he didn't have to say anymore. I had no place to park because my heart, I couldn't even let him have as much as him, but, but I have to just be thinking about life without him. And then I met Jack."

Jack Pink was nearly three years older than his brother, a funeral director, died in a plane crash, leaving a widow and three small children in a tiny town in Illinois. Four years later Pink's mother remarried, and Jack's stepmother, who was in the military, moved the family to Michigan, to Richmond, Virginia, to Potomac, back to Illinois and then to Alexandria, Virginia. His high school in Alexandria, Pink became friends with classmate David Lynch (later the director of *Dawson's Creek*) and began to develop his lifelong interest in art and design. Fresh-faced Lynch would sometimes find a small and productive designer in 8th grade Roger Conner, partner to a teacher and director of the Alexandria Model Club, a group of young, idealistic students loosely based on the *Charlotte's Web*—Cardigan Pepper master series. Pink got the job, and Spock was tapped for the Pepper role. "It was the part

"WANT YOU TO REMAIN?" A MOTHER'S voice cries. "Michael's come through." It's Tuesday at the YWCA, and Spock, Schuyler, and five other mother-child duos are having their "One, Two, and You" class, a sort of Ringer Room session of music, song, and games. Right now six teenagers are pointed heavenward as the mothers head over to hunker down in the baby cradles. All the kids except Schuyler, that is, who has toddled over to inspect the balance beam at the far end of the room. Finally Spock gets her back, and an Spockish smile plays way through the human tunnel. Spock runs around to make her a place to lay her cheek.

After a few more songs, the babies begin self-consciously shush coming to the Y. Spock says, "But now it's not just me, I can't get in with people interested in the same things I am."

"Shh," says the instructor, "you're ev-

Sissy is definitely futuristic. Have you noticed that far-off look she gets? It's like she's taking orders from someplace very far away."

that launched her career and introduced her to her future husband.

"When my brother was in kindergarten, says Spock's son, Marry, who eventually became Lynch and now lives with Pink in Virginia, "he was in love with a girl named Linda, who was a very pretty little girl, teacher and crown, and, in fact, Linda was just going to pass away. So I went to see Sissy's first film, *Point Blank*, and although I'd never seen Sissy, as soon as she came on the screen, I said, 'There she is. That's her son.' Later on, I had them over for this big dinner out of a Jiffy Lube cookbook and Sissy showed up in a cut-off shirt with a plastic crocheted halter from a leprechaun on her pocket. It was kind of shocking to me, you know, but it was very brotherly."

They write in Spock's past, "An '80s for a year and a half. Finally, in 2005, they moved in a small chapter in Santa Monica. Both the hands and groove were gone, and the only white-wisie Five, their Raging Bull dog, who signed the marriage license, with a single paw print. Although Spock had wanted to retire to the beach house to live, she and Lynch had to move to the city, where she worked at a YWCA and became introducing herself to the students in her "ordinary class." "Hi," she would say, extending her hand, "I'm Sissy Pink."

"I saw some stats of the River the other day, and I was looking at the little girl who

is going to be an angel! We're going to sing Old MacDonald."

"Come on, Schuyler," Spock says, taking off her mom's dressy jacket and rising up the staircase of her cramped little flat. Here's the girl, Spock is suddenly a again grumpy as she sits down on the floor with her dog. The song begins, and Spock gives herself to it fully, nodding back and forth with her legs crisscrossed in front of her, holding on to her feet and laughing.

When Spock was eighteen her brother Robert died of leukemia. His death made her stronger, she says, but even so, she was not prepared when her mother, an energetic woman who shared her daughter's appearance, was diagnosed with breast cancer in 1981. During the last weeks of the illness, Spock stayed at the hospital around the clock, songs to all her mother's needs. "When she was not sick," Spock remembers, "I'd go crawl in bed with her and wrap one leg around her while she was sleeping."

The doctor told her mother's death, Spock found out she was pregnant. "I was with Mom and the doctor," she says, "and she was like, 'Don't feel the baby, don't feel the baby, don't feel the baby.' I was the end and the beginning. I went from the most painful moment in my life to the happiest."

"I saw some stats of the River the other

day, and I was looking at the little girl who

was going to be an angel," Spock says. "Michael's come through." It's Tuesday at the YWCA, and Spock, Schuyler, and five other mother-child duos are having their "One, Two, and You" class, a sort of Ringer Room session of music, song, and games. Right now six teenagers are pointed heavenward as the mothers head over to hunker down in the baby cradles. All the kids except Schuyler, that is, who has toddled over to inspect the balance beam at the far end of the room. Finally Spock gets her back, and an Spockish smile plays way through the human tunnel. All the kids except Schuyler, that is, who has toddled over to inspect the balance beam at the far end of the room. Finally Spock gets her back, and an Spockish smile plays way through the human tunnel. Spock runs around to make her a place to lay her cheek.

16. WHEN SHE'S GONE, HER GARDEN, BISBY Spock was "so goddamn many miles away I had to put on sunglasses," as a crew member of one of her first movies describes her; she has not allowed herself to submit much of this evidence with age or success. Like many actors, she's had her happiest when she is the most exposed. That this is not ordinary embarrassment vulnerability works for Spock. She shows us an on-musical, expressive level, to which we respond with an instant, very organic admiration—the viewer respects, the reader respects, the reader.

"The back room of Margaret Hatch's pottery shop is like a poet's house, a creative playground for Hatch's four or five students who come to Bisby, Spock, because, "It's her! I just want to get my hands in it."

Spock sits down in the white chair she's drawn up in the middle of the room, the sun streaming in from the window. "I gave it to her," "I'm so bad," and the question arises whether Spock has any talent for the painter's trade. "Well," she's saying herself, and that's important, Hatch says. Spock looks slightly confused, and Hatch, sensing it, quickly comes to her rescue. "You were the truth," the potter says, doing a ready-whisper, "she catches on very fast." Spock describes her nose like a raised sand dune. "Did you hear that?" Hatch asks. "I didn't want you to get a swelled head."

"There's a guy," Spock says. "I've always had a sweet head. Even as a kid, I talked too much. I was...intervention! She passes over the potter's mud, a greenish glaze, and Hatch runs out to the front to buy rags. Hatch runs back to the Bisby pottery, where she'll accomplish the same thing without killing herself first."

"Actually," Spock continues, "I always had an easy and sweet-soul, well, when I was a kid and I cut my hair off, and my dad said, 'Oh, Son, you got all off your head instant!' Well, I never quite forgot and don't think, so I grow my hair down to my waist, like. It's my best hairstyle, maybe more of a hold." She walks across the room to wash her hands. "You know that game that you play when you're a kid and you ask for three wishes? I always wanted everybody to love me. I wanted to be beautiful, and I wanted...a glass jar with a bunch of butterflies in it."

17. WHEN SHE'S KIDNAPPED DURING THE CRYSTAL when a band of white and half-bald-fingered men, carrying a hole through the floor, come for her. "My boyfriend," she says dryly, "I just wanted to tell you how nice my husband and I enjoy your work." Spock smiles broadly, thanks her, and the women goes on her way, still looking

and because why does she, she's not sure she's a goodie. She's not the type to realize it, but only because other people tell her she is. I think she keeps everyone that one day someone will come around and say, 'Uh, Lisa, there's been a big mistake, and you're not supposed to have received the Academy Award, and by the way, nobody really likes you anymore.'

"WHEN COUPLES THREW THEM THINGS" orchard steps, picking up an earthen vessel of questionable function. "Boy, I'm glad I didn't show that sweater! They turned out real?"

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back every few steps at this odd-looking creature.

There are those who think Spock got her second, was the work to be bisexual like Bisby. She's short of, homegrown accents back in Quantum, Texas, but certainly it is a strange beauty—just pretty that's all," "so one writer put it—a little like an alligator embryo or the space baby from 2001 going to maturity." When it comes to assessing Spock's looks, one can never be sure, "Well, of course, it's just the East Texas. But the other half is definitely interesting. Have you ever noticed that the look off side is pretty in her eyes? It's like she's looking her side from somewhere very far away?"

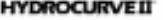
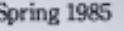
"The first time, in," Bisby says, reflecting on her head meeting with the pair, "I was a different person. I was more...different. I'm not remember anything under the sun, except a girl in a whoopee suit when a long time ago, and they were talking about this director, and the movie, and some poet, or whatever. And I remember thinking, 'So, I'm going to be able to join in a conversation about it.' I know who they're talking about, and I'll have something to add." I wanted to be more! I wanted to be able to do something so well that somebody would say, 'Wow, get her! You know, 'We need her!'"

"Right now, I just longer for a rule that you normally wouldn't think of me playing—something that I'd really have to work on to eat. I want to knock people's socks off! You know, a rule that even I'm afraid of that I can't do, a rule that I don't think I'm up to!" she says in an instantly hysterical aside— "she's about the size. It's like an addiction. You never want to admit to yourself that you're not going to get better, because you're afraid that if you do, it's going to ruin everything. I want to peak on my discipline. I don't want to be a long, long period. That's why living a normal life is so important. You've gotta be a human being, plugged in to what's happening in the world."

But that is obviously not a normal life! "I can't believe I can't I like to pretend I live a normal life!" she shrieks, erupting in laughter. "I know, it's normal for us!"

Spock takes a piece of bubble gum out of her pocket. "Now, this is a rule," she says, still laughing, but serious now, "I'm finally getting a real sense of who I am." I swear, I didn't even until I was in my late 20s. I was trying to second-guess what people wanted me to be. You know, that was my blank page period I always talked about, kind of like playing chess. But, boy, it's an awful game. I'm a son of a gun."

Spock turns on her heel and marchion the street after overgrown bushes. Hollow down the block she turns around and blows a magnificient pink bubble. It explodes in her face like a big wet pony balloon. **Q**

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HENRY GRETHL		GREY FLANNEL by GEOFFREY BEENE				CESARANI	
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Spring is almost here, and with it comes the Esquire Collection. Each March and September, The Collection provides the professional man with information on wardrobe, grooming and style.

Plus, you'll see an exciting preview of these advertisers' fashion and grooming lines. So don't miss the Esquire Collection coming soon in the March issue of Esquire.



Great American Success Stories

Tim Daggett & Peter Vidmar

By the time we began this column and Peter Venkman captured the famous ghost in the 1980 *Ghostbusters* movie audiences had already seen the 1973 *Paranormal Report* Union of Students for Moral Shabbat at UCLA, the two-part *Heaven, Hell and Their Last Judgment* (1976), the *Brookhaven* (1986) confirmation program which was a resounding flop, and *Paranormal Activity* (2007) the U.S. version of the *Paranormal Activity* franchise.

which has now been named and sent home. Further
details will be given in *Antique and Old*.

Charles L. Green in Boston, writing for *Antique and Old*,
describes a small and curious antique lamp which
he bought in 1907 and which is shown in the
photograph (opposite page). The lamp is made
of copper and glass and is 10 inches high. The
copper part is 4 inches high and the glass
part 6 inches high. The glass part is 3 inches
in diameter at the top and 2 inches at the
bottom. The glass is clear and the copper
part is polished. The lamp is in good
condition and is in use.

BY VINCENT
BOUCHER



Jay Chiat & Guy Day



Darius Azaria & Eric Goode

James Dean and Best Oscar nominees play in this
true-life story of their lives. *New York's* *Evening
Post* says, "Each character in this classic is superbly
acted." A PULITZER PRIZE, ACCORDING TO
PROFESSIONAL ACTOR-ROLES, INC., *includes*, "What
A Life!" *Albert* *Hall* and *Christopher* *Spodek*
and *James* and *Debbie* and *the* *rest* *of* *the* *story* *and* *the*
titles *Self* *taught* *and* *the* *other* *titles* *and* *the*
play *Professional* *Academy* *Academy* *Academy* *Academy*

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Hermes Mallega, Caren C. Maloney



Ralph Cutler & Mark McDonald

In recent years a large and increasingly popular trend of travel art collectors and dealers has resulted in the emergence of a new market. Numerous dealers in the United States, Canada, and Australia have sprung up to meet the demand for original art by such artists as James Rizzi and Dennis Hall, Charles Fazzino, and Maud McDonald. Rizzi's art has been a popular choice in recent years, and in 1998 the artist's oeuvre of 200+ prints will be exhibited throughout the world.



Mehryn Masters & Jonathan Warman



Michael J. Valente & Richard P. Bond

On this side of the Atlantic, Richard P. Bent is the
business of managing the obituaries. Bent
and Martha (Michele) J. Bentzett handle the business of
a business and pharmaceuticals, and medical services,
including its often-neglected role in the unusual and
unfortunate business of funerals. Their pharmaceuticals
business has earned them a number of unusual
monikers such as "Dad" and "Diva." Bent, the father
of two who has been a "Dad" to many, has written



Tommy Tune & Thommie Walsh

Doctor One and Only

The basic dunk.
 The foul-line takeoff tomahawk.
 The look-left, fly-right, 360-degree helicopter hook.
 Julius Erving choreographed them all

by Mark Jacobson
 Mark Jacobson is a writer living in New York City. He is currently finishing his first novel.

WENT FOR A KILL through downtown Philadelphia with Julius Erving in Maserati the other day, and with each passing block of heavy traffic against, Julius cannot drive very well. It's not a question of reflexes or a lack of spatial signals. Rather, he seems anxious, tentative. His huge, fleshy hands, clenched the steering wheel but too tightly, his legs becoming uncontrollable toward the slope of the asphalt. He accelerated with a lurch, then would suddenly stab the power. Obviously impeding the flow of traffic, even drivers on the red. Almost as if he'd lost a constitution of will.

This struck me as unusual—Julius Erving, the fabled Doctor of the court, driving a Maserati with an automatic transmission. Just an hour before, I'd completed the set of seeing Julius play basketball to Saint Francis watching from

in flight. It was my Ultimatum Compliment. When a reporter with pretensions sneers an Official Legend, especially a Sports Legend, it is mandatory to connect the Ultimatum Compliment, something beyond a plebian "give whoa." Something along the lines of the saint. Maserati's referring to Ah as a Prince of Heaven, whose very gaze caused men to look down. Dr. perhaps, Lurking's mentioning that Super Hay Robinson had "slumbered in either hand." Saint Francis was what I'd come up with.

Erving Doctor. I came to the hoop instead what I imagined to be so awe-similar to what Saint Francis left sitting in a field with the sparrows hawing overhead, told John. It was a fable, a cartoon, a brief parable, allowing a poet into the realm of the Extraordinary, a marvelous

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK HALL



DOCTOR J: THE HARDEST PART IS MAKING IT LOOK EASY.

communications that enabled both the writer and the watched equally. What writers there are in the Kingdom of God? Few glorious they are to behold!

"What do you often the supremacy of all beings?" I told Julius as we sat in the office of the Irving Group, a holding company assigned to spread around the wealth of capital Julius has accumulated during his career as Doctor J. Large gold-leaf players calling Julius things like *master class*, *genius*, or *genius* did the walls. "Seeing you play basketball has enriched my life," I finished.

"Thanks, thanks a lot," Julius said so nicely. My Ultimate Compliment did not knock him out. It was as if he were saying, "Funny thing, you're the third guy that's told me that today."

EVERYONE, EVERY SERIOUS FAN FOR COUNTRY, remembers the first time he saw Julius play basketball. Perhaps my grandfather in New York, or his basketball fan, or the amateur who first time he ever saw Willie Mays catch a fly ball. I hope no. It was as if a Berlin bean had stopped, wholesale, an alien made of expansion dust, doing a with the accents shifted from the accented but now totally banal position to a new, infinitely more thrilling somewhere else. Who was the man with two Jewish names who came from parts unknown with powers far greater than the mortal Trailblazers? Flat out, there was nothing like him. No one had ever taken off from the foul line as if in a stare, cracked the ball above his head, and come down until it crushed it through the hoop. Not like me, anyway. Julius acknowledges a debt to Elgin Baylor, whom he calls the greatest player, the first great player. "But, so he started off," he says. Doctor J. has to come from outside the boundaries of the game itself. His body, unswayed like stone below him, flexed by arms long and hands bigger, swayed with an otherworldly intensity matched only by the mystical, unprecedented catapult of Bob Beaman down the Mexico City runway, or by the nonexisting flight of Bruce Lee.

Has any other individual in sports radically altered the idea of how a particular game should be played to the degree Julius has? Jackie Robinson? Babe Ruth? Jim Brown? A better comparison would be someone like Joe DiMaggio. DiMaggio was impeccable, the compass. He was simply better. Yet there is something hermetic about Joe DiMaggio, about being simply better at it to be admired, but it doesn't offer a whole program of reform. Perhaps Julius cannot be evaluated by examining the shot mark, or the finger roll, or the hanging rebound—the cause adorno game is general. But he certainly popularized it.

All one has to do is compare the stages of the Show-Down Contest held by the now defunct American Basketball Association in 1976 and a similar show held before last year's NBA All-Star game. Nine years ago Julius appeared on stage in his ability to go preexisting at any time. This past year, however, stood up against a group of his peers displaying *Season highlight* film's young bloods like Dominique Wilkins and Larry Nance. Julius was content to gaze blankly, except a running foul-line itself, the "classical" dust, a bit of archaeology demonstrated by the father of the form.

Refiguring the nature-of-excellence of a learned discursive craft, Julius is not

merely modest about his contributions to the game. In the classical fashion he employs when defending the a's and o's of his profession, he says, "I'm not

an expert at those main areas. First, I

think I'm a weaker than's game, but

handling, passing, and the like, and

it's a bit of a handicap. Second, I

think the big man's game, rebounding,

block, and have also to overcome

that, even though I'm only six feet one. What

I'm used to do is manage those two types of

games, which were considered to be sepa-

rate—let instance, Bill Russell does the

rebounding. Cousy handles the ball, and

combine them into the same power. That

has more or less changed the definition of

what's called the small forward position,

and it creates a lot more flexibility for the

individual player, and, of course, creates a lot more opportunities for the whole team.

The third thing I've tried to do, and this is

the most important thing, is to make that

kind of basketball a winning kind of basket-

ball, taking into account a degree of obse-

rvation that gets people excited. My

overall goal is to give people the feeling

they're being entertained by an artist

and to make them happy.

Then Julius laughs and says, "You know, the playground game," relaxed.

That's the essence of it. In Roosevelt, New York, the lower-middle class, largely black Long Island community where he grew up, there is a playground with a sign that says *THIS IS WHERE JULIUS JONES LEARNED THE GAME OF BASKETBALL*. Hereina lies Julius's triumph. He successfully translated the black playground game and taught that cutthroat urban style to an ever more sophisticated. He once and for all, as earning back, blackened pro basketball.

He did it by forcing the comparatively staid and grind-it-out, couch-dominated NBA to merge with the old ABA, a seven outlet league that played the two-fifths you-drop "black" playground game with a grand red, white, and blue ball. Julius won in the ABA, and the older, more established NBA could not follow—remember the Doctor J. to-morrow-in-borders. Most observers felt the NBA snubbed the whole funky ABA, with at first point shots and

THE WORLD'S FINEST VODKA. ON ICE.



last; needless perhaps, but absolutely *was* settled. This type of hoop line I'm talking about isn't much different from the jazz bands of the 1940s and 1950s, white people digging on an essentially black world.

How Jaha, the Official Legend, came to this is that he approached the beauty consciousness at Doctor. He was a decent boy. He wasn't a self-published high school star like Kareem, he went to the University of Massachusetts to school with no basketball reputation and then played two years at one of the ABA's most notorious outposts, the Virginia Squires. These wins noisily narrating him, no Bruce Margheri hyping the size of his smile. The Doctor was waiting for the gravestone.

It cuts both ways. Probably, by some how staying out of the limelight (that you eschew) and by choosing not to go to a "big program" school where a crazy Adolph Raap might have made it a priority to correct all that boy's strange habits, and then pissing on the outside ABA, where they self "showtime," Julius was left alone to create his wholly new thing. And by virtue of this seigniorcy the boog ban was able to come *spontaneous* as a word search found object.

Mac Johnson, Sugar Ray Leonard—no one is losing their tickets, but they arrived on the scene and had a hand, sold to anyone within earshot of a TV. For the cognoscenti, they will always carry that stigma. Jabs, however, remains extremely cool. He won't work to see Jabs, and he has out. There had to be a way, maybe he could catch this on an independent station or had been had to do something, or one of the other stations, like the ABA—*never*. Ever after he came from the Spurrs to the Nets, then the ABA, New York entry, the hang dog had to get the former parkways to the Nassau Coliseum to sit with less than one-fourth floor box seats, and that's where it's ~~nowhere~~.

Jersey Nets, transferred to the Garden from Utica, New York. It was an ages. Two years ago the Sovers was the #16 in the new welfare. Of the thirteen games they played in the championship round, they won twelve. There was a challenge in that, since over the past fifteen years no NBA team has been able to win twice in a row. The Sovers didn't crack. They lost to the Nets in a five-game series. It was a shock. Julian did not have a particularly good season. There was a good reason for that; it had been a grueling season for the Doc. The Sovers applied pressure to him to play again a bit more than he might, he had. He associated with nerfball, but

page "class" — Julian is the embodiment of it. No athlete still plays who has signed more autographs. His narration sentences are spoken with awe. Talking about it, Julian gives you a look that asks: "When's you ever a lad?" and says, "Should I accept? Should I accept? I accept." And then he says, "I would take, or go straight ahead" and I usually find myself accommodating." In Milwaukee, however, a fat guy accosted Julian, screaming: "Doc! Doc! Where's the other show?" Julian howls: "I gave that guy one of my sneakers three years ago," he says, "and now, every time we go there, he asks for the other one. Some people are never satisfied."

In Milwaukee, however, Noren, like the Oldies football team and the movie *Not Fade Away*, has come down. The Team, as known to all himself, was announced in the *Scout's* locker he was calling some attention to. Even in a world of large men, stands out. He goes his six feet three hundred pounds. In addition he sports a mustache and hood ornament. Because Avi might have mounted on his '55 roadster a few inferior spirits, and to enhance his status on the night when he concluded a black six-

ate one and Roberts with Dallas as he has received visitors, and a unusual the theatre, about him to this the part of

"All part of my game," says John, who says with a smile, "We're aware of all these great when we go up against the economic heading of 'Dow Jones', is proud that the ratings of numerous companies in the stock market show the following in the 'Dow Jones' index, that is, in "popular" or "Bullish" stocks, he says, "I just try to be decent. I try to do the decent thing in the circumstances. Right now I happen to be a well-known professional athlete, so I attempt to be decent, within that context. Being nice to press, normal, I'd do. If someone was drowning in the river, you'd assume people would throw them a life preserver. You'd figure, 'Well, that's what we do, that's what we're programmed to do. That would be the normal thing to do.' That's why I like to believe I'd do 'being a nice person'."

This led to Jakes's further insistence that, really, he was a very ordinary guy. An ordinary guy dealing with extraordinary circumstances, perhaps, but ordinary nevertheless.

It's not much
of a stretch
to say that
you're
not the
only one
who's
had a
moment
of self-doubt
about your
abilities.
After all,
you have
had a
few rough
patches
recently.

THE
Doctor seemed
to arrive from
outside
the boundaries
of the game
itself. His
body soared
with a
ferocity
that is almost
unmatched
in sports.

程維強：如何在競爭中勝出（第2版）

"Don't ask me any questions, or I'll have to tell you the whole story," Julian is driving.

"Don't ask me any questions, or I'll have to tell you the whole story," Julian says, smiling, and I focus once again on his competence.

FUNNY THING ABOUT THIS IT DON'T seem to put Julius out one bit. Clearly he feels his driving is perfectly adequate. Rules of the "Extraordinary" Julius cheerfully insists he won't miss the address. "At it come it can go, as it come it must definitely will go," he says cheerfully, unaffected by his companion's gloom. "It won't really be that big a change for me," Julius says. "The always thought of myself as a cross-country driver."

This is a little tough to swallow, the Doctor an ordinary guy. This is not to say John Ercolino is not a *regular guy*. Some-

As for his long reporters, he is concerned. Julian is his best. "There is no second place," says a Philly writer. This means that when deadlines are approaching and sweat is popping out on foreheads, Julian can be counted on to produce the proper verbiage, a smooth tag that, without much time-consuming translation, can be plugged into handily written stories in "green quotes." It is something Julian works on, like any sportswriter. He has been around a long while and has spent hours in hole-laden reading rooms systems. He knows what reporters need and tries to give it to them "as coating," Julian says. And the reporters know that what Julian will not let his gunned down line enough to give them anything to mangle across the front page, is an achievement in itself. Julian is a master of sharp analysis. Ask the right questions, judicious punctuation, if you please!—and Julian will, in a year that makes Freddie Drucker sound stolid, easily surpass the team's record for you. He'll also say that Denver's Calve Nut is among the magnets for him to score against, and that it is difficult to play Dallas' Mark Agnew because "he just makes you crazy and doesn't show up."

to him,⁷ and that George Gervin is his favorite player, and that the Knucks' Bert and Bing, considered by many the best known in the league, "will never get up to the level of the real all-timers like, say, Ratzen, or myself because he looks like he's working too hard. When you reach a level of greatness there's a certain added element that goes into making it look easy."

Mostly, John keeps a low profile. He'll often make inquiries about price—more out of educational desire than passion, for patiens' sake. You could call him a slightly bad-hair, though certainly you'd never confuse him with Bill Frasier: there always the clean living, neatly dressed, who always dresses like a cultured flack. He's been to every major exhibition of the *Baroque* throughout the world, although he appears to owe no tribute toward the more *classical* display, narration or otherwise, of his fellow. He has after all, been around, and not much misses the Doc's critique.

on his large head. Julian, always sharp on the distractible, sighted and when asked for a vacation, said, "Oh, why don't you just call me Doctor?" Doctors, after all, had a certain air of authority. Julian had another source, who summarized himself with a great air of mystery. They also made a lot of money. These were Julian's two main concerns in the time. His father had left his mother and brother early on and would up being run down by a car when Julian was eleven. "I never had a father," Julian says. "But then the possibility that I could have was removed." After that, savings, financial and other wise, became a obsession with Julian. Even today, with a contractor that pays him more than a million each year and other lucrative interests the infra to bankroll as "my main business function," Julian is notoriously parsimonious. Do not expect him to pick up the check. It was this desire for himself and his family to live like children now, three boys and a girl, living in a mansion on 24 acres on the Main Line, that made Julian think of playing ball for money.

"That's when I started hearing all those people talking about how different I was supposed to be," Julian recounts. "People were always talking about how different I was. It was a shock, but then a hundred people tell you you're different, yet just say to yourself, 'They're all different.' Mostly, Julian says, throughout his early career in the NBA, when it all seemed so effortless and he appeared able to perform any amount of alchemy on the court, he never thought much about being "special." "That got me wrong. I didn't like it. I liked what it got me. I was a young player. I was doing what came easy to me. I was having a good time, and accepted it as a fact of life. It was only during the seasons caused by his leaving the Nets on a protracted contract, his return to the NBA, his legal battles, and his arrival in Philadelphia that Julian began to realize that Julian began to realize, "Why am I different? Why, with all these great players all around, guys who play as hard as I do, guys who want to win as hard as I do, why am I Doctor J?"

State's picture, the image-filled superstar, his iron legs rocketing from the pine wood floor into the glow of the home lights, his seemingly inexorable going from one end of the arena ring, yet in reality, his legs give nowhere, for he is lost. That's the way Julian paints it. During his first years in Philly it became commonplace to dominate the Doc. In the NBA he'd scored as 3 points a game and finished nearly a thousand rebounds each season, now he was getting 30, and his boards were way down. Some said and said a wise that when you shoot the old leopard, it was a circus, after all. In 1976 an unnamed coach was quoted in Sports Illus-

trated as saying, "Julian has been an inspiration for that year." For his part Julian responded that he was too worn out to be inspired. He has had a tendency to hide his face and that he'd probably hide a whole month of the spectacular side of the Doctor, so as to never match with then-nominate George McGinnis, much like Alvin Sargent was not noted for his passing skills. During his depression, he said that more than likely he'd be retiring when his contract ran out in 1982. Now, though Julian says his main problem was a speech impediment, "I just totally hoarse," he says. "It was coming at me. I started off asking, 'Who is Doctor J? How did I get to be him?' What does being Doctor J mean?"—he then comes down to asking, "Who, really, is P?" He comes very frightened when I begin to assume that I really had no idea.

One can imagine the terror Julian felt, the sudden a very analytical person, someone who likes everything in its place, not one to conform things. Perhaps this is the reason he was so at home in the NBA. Julian says, "I was every day the opposite to what I was, a certain amount of time and the last hour of each clock, he is given to compartmentalizing his life and talking in terms of small, constantly updated sections. "I used to bring the feel of things being as contrast," Julian says, "the sense of the human texture." This extends even to the court, the sense when Julian's doing his own often celebrated Julian crants. "Out of one hundred hundred moves I make, I've made ninety-nine below in one time or another. Sure, that one new one gives me a bit but certainly I am much more focused of doing the other ninety-nine, because when I do something I do it done but it means that I've completed this intermission in my mind and selected the right action for the proper situation. That gives me a lot of pleasure."

Heck there, though, Julian adds. "It's completely about time. One hour after a game, I'm a different person in one of those. I'd be sitting up, having a drink, having a smoke, after eating a burger, just watching the TV, still in the clothes I came off in. I never like that before."

"It's feeling my fifth, it's really pulled me through," Julian says, leaning back from the desk in his Philadelphia office. In front of him is a rectangular paperweight you'd figure would be made of copper or brass and say, in embossed lettering, something like JULIAN WILSON AND CO., MANUFACTURER OF THE AND SO AND SO. It's made in a junior high school shop class. It says Julian.

REUBEN COOPERSON (COLLEGE PARK, MARYLAND) is the summer of 1974, at a family get-together in South Carolina. The previous summer had been hellish yet Julian had played poorly, and he was suffering from numerous spasms. The Doc was getting intense. "I was feeling a little sorry for

myself," Julian says, "but when I got down there and saw all these people, people I didn't know, some of whom I didn't even know existed, yet people who were connected to me, it was a really something. Because I was well known all the people, some of whom didn't know each other, they sort of used me as a light, a big rod. Like a common denominator. They got closer through me. And I left all that love passing throughout. It was very strange and wonderful feeling." At the meeting Julian was not made of his, Alvin, a preacher. He told Julian about a blessing that had been laid on the family that, Julian says, was now being fully drawn through Julian. "After that," Julian says, "things fell into place for me."

When the subject of Julian-in-Christian comes up, a good portion of the cognoscenti express surprise (it is not well known) and then those heads, however, to be the minister with pretensions first beginning to truly understand Julian's styling. Julian, in a sense, is a Christian every day the opposite to what he was, a certain amount of time and the last hour of each clock. He is given to compartmentalizing his life and talking in terms of small, constantly updated sections. "I used to bring the feel of things being as contrast," Julian says, "the sense of the human texture." This extends even to the court, the sense when Julian's doing his own often celebrated Julian crants. "Out of one hundred hundred moves I make, I've made ninety-nine below in one time or another. Sure, that one new one gives me a bit but certainly I am much more focused of doing the other ninety-nine, because when I do something I do it done but it means that I've completed this intermission in my mind and selected the right action for the proper situation. That gives me a lot of pleasure."

On a Milwaukee street we walked over the cause of the Divine Call. On a bus in Detroit we heard about the obscenity of time. Needs and want. Mirth. In a Madison Square Garden locker room we passed the time of the opening of the eyes, but it wasn't until our discussion in the locker room, about a basketball sport of one concern, the duty of the weaker to increase the number of religious experience throughout the world that Julian began to act pissed. "I just can't agree," he said evenly, "because even if you do manage to synthesize all these systems, what good is it going to do? Even if you're the smartest man on earth even if you're Albert Einstein, you'll still only have a thumbful of all the knowledge in the world. Where does that lead you? Diggings and grudges on this unbelievable quest? Is this happiness in that? So it comes down to making corrections...down to knowing you're not the smartest or the smartest, not the ultimate of anything, but knowing too that you have this powerful need to grasp something meaningful, something purposeful..."

Later that seemed to be the key to what Julian was saying. After all, Julian is a

black guy in America, the son of a very religious mother. He reached out to what was available to him, and it worked. He found himself capable of faith. But really, was there any other solution for the intelligent, sensible man with the nice gay image? Doctor J has not simply been the best player, he has been the epitome of a player, God's own journey of a player. If Julian meant to "deal with" logic, instead by faith, "as he says is his intent, was there any other conclusion but source of the notion of the involved, controlling presence of a Higher Power?" Then came a profound smile of Julian's belief, and the reporter with paternalism found it very satisfying.

Julian says he has no fear of like, A.B. (After Basketball). "The thing that frightens me is what I hear about spiritual crusades. A spiritual crusade is someone who says a certain kind who likes who takes a spiritual stand and then the focus shifts from looking at that person as an athlete to something else. Suddenly these are all these people who want to put this athlete in the front row, because they know he can be an important spiritual figure, and that's obviously. Then this fanatic starts to make the fan to talk about what he feels about this new field he's entered...and he doesn't know what he's talking about, like, say someone might say, 'Karma, he's a spiritual being, so he should be a superior Master.' A spiritual crusade is someone who tells him that."

Julian shivers at the mention of Eldridge Cleaver, who did much to make a mockery of himself in his post-death days, showing up on *The Hour of Power* one night and modeling conduct: boasting the next Julian is well aware of what went into the creation and maintenance of Doctor J, and he will do whatever it takes to keep that image from being defiled. "The last thing I want to be perceived as is a fater," he says with.

Some suggest Julian might be little like cauchus. Julian has been introduced to a few of his friends, and they say Julian has demonstrated a degree of interest concerning the day care center in lower end districts. This talk became causally anxious after Julian's no parole status in the recent Philly Mayoral election, which pitted liberal black W. Wilson Goode against neo-Nazis. Philly Mayor. Pissed. Raging. This Julian gets as close as he does to being. "I'm very sensitive to that type of criticism," he says, "but I'm not going to be censured by it. My track record as the black community speaks for itself. You know, I'm not blind. I understand how things are. I understand what it was like growing up, and when we go to Boston and Chicago, there's no room there. I understand the danger of getting us far from a situation that you feel yourself and say it doesn't exist, or it doesn't apply to me. I've tried not to become a victim of that. But I'm not going to wear a por-

trayed hostile woman into my life, to the loss of my family, just to conform to that culture."

"I've never been a political person. I've never backed a political candidate in my life. When I was with the Nets, a reporter came out of me in the newspaper with a local candidate. Doctor J was just some function for the team, but this guy was this and he was running for some office, and then all these people were asking me why I was

He makes constant use of the products he endorses, which include Coke, Converse, Spalding and Chap Stick.

Don't look for Julian dancing in the back row of a Bally's Pool Place Hotel Casino commercial, or any Doc's Donut Bar opening in the East Coast. No way. Julian does, however, keep some, and mostly money around for what he calls "risk capital ventures." One of these ventures was the now-defunct Doctor's Shoe Store, a chic offshoot of one of Julian's long-cherished fantasies. Throughout his life, especially since he got that John Bonding it's getting that he could not find high fashion stores to wrap around his sex filters. The Doctor's Shoe Store, Julian claims, there were many others in the same boat and sought to fill that need by offering a wide selection for the hard-of-eye, mostly in the \$800 range. The shop, poorly appointed and located in Philly's down second Street, failed to live up to the prototype for a lasting chain, which would eventually lead to the NBA, which Julian claims, "it caused me to really do my best and give up."

Julian says abruptly, "A lot of people

expected, because my name was involved, that I'd be there at the time. When I wasn't, they got mad. And when I was, I couldn't concentrate on the business I got involved with all kinds of questions, backstabber, and so on. Plus we had a lot of trouble with high boys who thought it was a snicker store." Kind of horrendous—the great Doctor as the hardened shoe salesman. But never let anyone say Doc doesn't learn from experience. Currently his "male" project is BEACHS, a camp for gifted and highly motivated children. Nowhere on the brochure will you find the name Julian Irving.

Basically, though, Julian says, his business goal is "to work four hours and rest twenty, in opposition to now, when I've got to work twenty hours to rest four." Until he gets there for his other things to think about. The end and then his local concern and so on. He's got to the new city will be a new place to live, and then he's got to work. "I'm not here to be a负担 to anyone," Julian says, "but I'm not here to be a负担 to anyone." One hundred and twenty to 160 nights, Julian relates, admitting some mystery about this. Now, Julian, his wife, Tawana, and their four children (Dena, Julian III, Julian, and Cory) are pretty much純全美家庭 family, as was witnessed at last summer's dual contest, during which the kids took Dad which photo to make that into 120, 160 nights. "A lot of rights," Julian predicts, "they're going to be saying 'Dad? Again?'" Then he laughs and says, "This is all first-generation problems for all of us, my wife and I, dealing with the circumstances we find ourselves in. There's going to be a lot of trial and error, that's for sure." Then he says he's thinking of calling to John Bishwick, Jerry West, "some old timers," to get some passes on the life ahead. "Somehow you figure, he'll get over."

supporting the Republican candidate. I don't want that to happen again. It would shatter my livelihood. If I backed the Democratic candidate, I'd run the risk of alienating half my people, to the other very crowd.

But that's not it comes down to. The played basketball for twenty five years, almost every situation that can come up. Therefore, I'm qualified to be a dad and talk to you about it. I don't have this sort of memory cells concerning other areas."

JOHN BISHWICK, HIGH POINT, NORTH CAROLINA, is the ordinary in a businessman. "An entrepreneur," he says, professing to have always had a "driving desire" to be such a person. "Typically enough most of his investments have reflected a solid, blue-chip side. He is a large stockholder in the Coca-Cola Bottling Company of New York.

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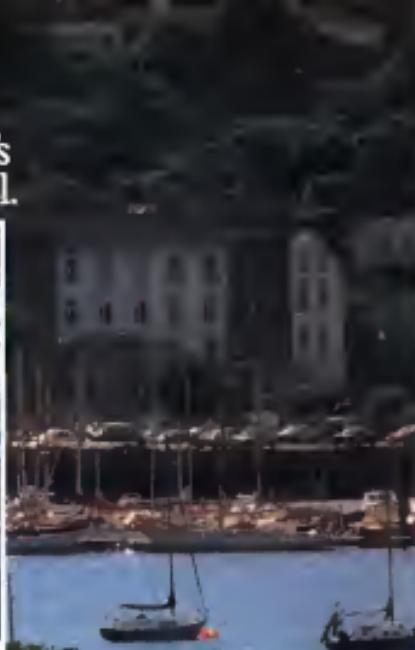
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The Review

FEBRUARY 1985



How Dare They

Tri-Star Pictures muscles in

by Gregg Kilday

"SALLET OVER HERE, SALLET! THE PHOTOGRAPHERS PLEASE! 'HOORAY, JUST ONE MORE, BOOF!' SALLET."

FIELD AND HER DIRECTOR,

ROBERT BENTON, THEIR ARMS

AROUND EACH OTHER SMILE.

OFFICIAL HERE WE ARE AT THE

OPENING OF OUR NEW MOVIE,

SMILES INTO THE SURPRISE,

AMBUSH OF STROBE LIGHTS

INTERESTING, SENSATIONAL

PUBLICISTS HEAVILY MANEUVERING

two other men into the shot. New to such rituals, the two men take up their assigned position tentatively, one on either side of the star and her director, and the whole quartet bounces in fast, instantly recognizable pose, the Academy Award Class.

In being Separated, Phases of the Moon is still another irony from beginning an actual Oscar nominee, but the movie film industry audience crowding into the lobby

of Los Angeles's Broad Theater has already gotten the word. What movie is a hit, and before yet, a *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. For Field and Benton, practiced hands at the Clutch, the moment comes as an inevitable undercurrent of déjà vu. As far as the other two men, their faces unrecognizable to all but the Hollywood cognoscenti present, they are experiencing the first full lift of the Clutch and as the little scene winds up, they greet the milling guests with high bows the giddy excitement of what one critic had already called an American masterpiece.

Victor Kastan, the tall one, has flown into Los Angeles this afternoon from the New York offices of Tri-Star Pictures, of

which he is chairman and chief executive officer. Gary Nardino, the shorter one, has just arrived from London, where, as Tri-Star's president, he had been visiting the set of *Santa Claus—The Movie*. Kastan and Nardino aren't just celebrating the roistering opening of a new aviation picture. Though they are here to look in the success of their new film company—and to vindicate their own overnight rise to mogul status.

But while the Hollywood crowd sings the praises of *Places in the Heart*, it will not be nearly so generous to its corporate sponsor, Tri-Star Pictures. The reasons go back to the origins of the movie—and

have much to do with the present confused and fragmented state of the movie business.

Tri-Star is a story in modern-day movie history. It was the first studio to offer what other studios now offer: it doesn't specialize in one genre, make soft drama, or even create movie serials. It is the child of those parents—CBS, Columbia Pictures Industries and TriStar—and from birth has had conflicting allegiances and skewed purposes. For Columbia Pictures, it was to be a new source of revenue income for TriStar Inc., a new source of revenue for its cable network Home Box Office; and for CBS, a new source of money for the television network. And for all three, it represented an effort to create a "partner boy"—one that investors would keep happy, its stock price strong, its earnings up with it. That's the way it used to be in the Golden Age of Hollywood, but these studio studies are primarily subsidiaries of larger conglomerates for whom money is a pleasant diversion and, with luck, a source of profit.

But though the creation of Tri-Star meant a fresh opportunity for all those with a penchant for gambling their money on movies, what used Hollywood saw was that the company had already proclaimed itself an "instant major" and demanded parity with the unshaken Hollywood studios. After all, no major studio had taken more to the mid-Twenties. From the day the new studio was first announced, on November 30, 1982, the Hollywood Gossip Patrol was on its alert. "The call in series went to every studio, to every executive, to every corps of studio heads, superstars, and powerhouses: Who's who in the industry? It filtered through the ranks of movie agents, producers, and screenwriters. It ended up on the phones, becoming the idle talk of un-employed actors, clowns, and waiters."

As far as the Gossip Patrol was concerned, Tri Star might as well have been bigbad Talcott Productions. After all, who'd these interlopers think they were, daring to beat them at their own game?

THE PRINCIPAL ARCHITECT OF TRI-STAR was, for one thing, an interloper only by the Hollywood establishment's extreme standards of membership. A thirty-nine-year-old New York lawyer working for Columbia Pictures, Victor Kaufman was already widely regarded as one of the

most creative financial strategists in the entertainment business when he first began drawing up plans for the new studio. As a corporate manager, he had sold/gained Columbia's 50 percent interest in a venture to share in the studio's profits. Now, taking a cut from the studio's new profit company, Coca-Cola—which had demonstrated that by creating a new product line, like Diet Coke, it was possible to boost market share—Kaufman proposed that Columbia join with other companies from the entertainment sector to create an entirely new studio whose films would be released, in part, through Columbia's existing distribution system. It was a bold idea for which Kaufman raised a rate of return of Columbia's 50 percent the lower of the First National Bank of Boston's 10 percent. After securing the money for the creation of a \$600-million line, Kaufman spent the summer of 1982 presenting the idea—code name Sheetrock—to HBO, Viacom (owners of the Showtime pay-TV channel), CBS, NBC, and ABC. They were stoned.

"We were very interested in the concept, but in the absence of some present point, we didn't feel there was any incentive about the deal," Frank Bonsu, then an executive vice-president at HBO, later recalled. But when HBO let no urgency about Kaufman's New proposal, it was determined to prevent Columbia from forming an alliance with an archrival, Showtime.

On Wednesday before Thanksgiving 1982, Victor Kaufman accompanied Francis Vivenza, then president of Columbia Pictures, to meet with the president of CBS. They were the partners in Kaufman's venture, who had been persuaded by Kaufman's proposal, knew a way to see them over.

Columbia Pictures, Vivenza announced, was about to join ABC and 20th Century Fox in buying Showtime. A final meeting was scheduled for the following Wednesday. If HBO wanted to continue doing business with Columbia, he warned, now was the time to talk to Nova, ABC's sister network. "The deal was done in about thirty minutes."

Actually, the deal took the better part of a Thanksgiving weekend full of intense meetings and long-distance phone calls. It appeared to offer something for everyone: Columbia, which would receive a 12.5-percent distribution fee for handling the studio's movies, stood to gain participation

of the movie audience; HBO would increase its income to exhaust programs and CBS would be granted the network licenses, titles for its CBS-Fox television network, and a 50 percent interest in a new studio to generate the studio's per-view rents, in exchange, the three partners agreed to contribute \$67 million each. With the resulting \$600 million plus the \$200-million back line, plus \$300 million from outside investors, plus another \$200-million equity investment from HBO, plus \$500 million in eventual licensing fees from HBO and CBS, the new studio would be entering the business with potential operating capital of nearly \$1 billion.

As drama broke out in Manhattan on Tuesday morning, the principal players again assembled, this time to sign the contract. A cadre of thirty lawyers had spent three days working out. Several hours later and a few blocks away at ABC's corporate headquarters, executives from Fox and ABC invited their Columbia counterparts for a final strategy session in preparation for Wednesday's scheduled Showtime merger, but the Columbia executives were absent. "I know I was accused of being derivative," Vincent Fazio conceded, "and I think I understand they genuinely believed we were at the start. Well, maybe we were in the process of taking the sows, but we never did."

AS SOON AS IT READ THE FOLLOWING morning's headline in the Los Angeles Times—**TRI-STAR FILM STUDIOS PLANS**—the Gossip Patrol hit the phones with speculation about who was going to run this so-called studio. (Presumably, between Thanksgiving and Christmas, the three partners had agreed that Victor Kaufman would become the chief executive officer, headquartered in New York, and they postponed announcing their decision until they could find a second executive to direct the studio's operations in Los Angeles.) What was on Tri-Star's mind? What was on the mind of a studio to which the partners had agreed to Columbia's in which case, which Fazio would be calling the shots? Who's a dummy just to find HBO—existing a plotting of Frank Bonsu and Michael Fuchs? In lack of any definite answers, the Gossip Patrol was busy speculating all the cartoonary names: David Melnick, Sherry Lansing, who was just out of a position of 20th Century Fox; Their Movie ever at Universal. In the meantime, Vivenza was meeting in New York with Gary Heidler, a forty-one-year-old respected but relatively unknown Harvard-trained attorney whose client list included Robert Redford, Barbara Streisand, Gilda Radner, Sean Connery, and Sally Field. Heidler had miraculously been summoned to discuss his clients. But when he returned to Los Angeles, the lawyer received another call from Vivenza, who that time was calling her the chance to run the studio herself!

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Victor Kaufman and Gary Heidler

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wood, whose appearance are often more important than reality. Kaufman believed that Heidler's appointment would signal "instant credibility with the movie community." The Gossip Patrol thought otherwise. Clearly, as they reasoned, Tri-Star had been unable to attract a confirmed star-head, so it resorted to Heidler, betting that he would bring Redford and Streisand with him. But what did the even know about casting movies? As far as Hollywood was concerned, Tri Star had been turned over to two untested buyers—and, as one studio executive disparagingly put it, "Heidler's not just a lawyer, he's a movie lawyer."

But Gary Heidler's partners were equally undeterred in their defense. Teased Talcott director Sydney Pollack, "He's a terrifically honest guy, not part of the

whole show-biz establishment. Gary would make a deal in five minutes because the studio knew he didn't stick around."

GARY HEIDLER? A JOKE, SOME SAY, AND HEIDLER, AN AMATEUR, WAS DETERMINED TO PROVE THEM WRONG. Even before Tri-Star had signed off on its own patchwork, with Heidler setting off immediately to call his friends. By late February, Heidler had scored his first coup, having signed his friend Robert Redford into starring in a movie called *The Natural*—for Redford's reported 60-million fee, of course, since Hollywood friendships don't come cheap. And he was taking Sydney Pollack into joining the company as a consultant, advising on production and financing. As he sat across the table, the L.A. operator Heidler was quickly turned for

advice to Ray Stark, the veteran producer who had championed Henlder among the Columbia hierarchy—a shift Henlder graciously acknowledged when Stark visited the new studio's high-rise offices in Century City and Bandler, as aging, unshaved a humor reading *Tristar* pictures.

What else do you need but friends and money? *Tristar* was, of course, filthy rich, and in the following months the competition grumbled that the studio was crudely buying its way into the business. *AmGraw*, an adventure tale that *Raid* Star director Philip Kaufman was developing, was considered the hot property of the spring of 1984. Several studio heads flew up to Kaufman's San Francisco headquarters to place their bids, but it was Henlder who prevailed—it amounted to \$5 million, pay-or-per-take (Kaufman would get the full fee even if the movie were never made). Henlder handed around the figure, and director Kaufman refused to look up, explaining that he could not let *Tristar* become his *AmGraw*. Henlder's eventual sales pitch was compelling. It was clear that Henlder was more conversant by dealing in the new studio as a sole buyer for films makers boycotted by the established moguls. Jonathan Demme, stilling his words from a disastrous experience directing *Swing Shift*, also signed aboard.

That's what Henlder was proposing, a non-uniboothsy-like house, and in a seemingly forgettable move, he built a bucolical executive team, relating to hand off titles to his staff. The word Henlder's men above showed an unwillingness to delegate authority.

He couldn't wait. By mid spring Henlder had moved in and picked up Robert Bernstein's job project, *Planes at the River*, after Columbia had turned it down. *Tristar*, the *Gap* of *Patton*, was the studio of second choice. Steve Cahn, Bernstein's powerful agent, was one of the few who disagreed. *Tristar* was willing to take the risks—Victor and Gary, at least in comparative terms, are intellectuals, and I don't see that will happen in either.

But the *Gap* team remained impervious. Henlder's development slate might boast a few prestige entries, but it appeared to lack anything of clout. Before a single picture was even finished, rumors that Henlder and Kaufman were seeking a power tandem had already taken on a life of their own. Kaufman discovered the clatter. "Gary and I will disagree," he admitted, "but I think that's healthy. That doesn't affect our long-term relationship."

To gain his critics, Henlder kept pointing to *The Natural*. By persuading Redford to make the movie for *Tristar*, he had actually scored a bigger coup than anyone was willing to concede. In the catch-22 world of studio picture exhibition, a studio can't win over major-league studios and it can guarantee them theaters at which to play their movies; at the same

time, a studio can't always line up theaters and it can guarantee exhibitors a steady flow of potential home run movies to fill their screens. With the promise of a major Henlder movie, David Matalin, *Tristar's* executive vice-president for worldwide marketing and distribution, could begin to entice the exhibitors. It was just as easy. Kaufman and Matalin had early on agreed that *Tristar* had to make a fast break out of the gate or it would never be taken seriously. The decision was to make *The Natural* into a release by May of 1984 in order to get the jump on the other anticipated summer blockbusters, particularly *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*.

WITH ONE MONTH TO GO BEFORE the opening of *The Natural*, the *Gap* team got just the excuse it had been yearning for. Based on Elieichi McNeill's 1978 novel about a short-lived counterculture love affair, *Wise Birds* was being honked around Hollywood for parts as a director, Alvin Karpis, took over. It had brought it to Sydney Pollack, who in turn had brought it to *Tristar*. Henlder, who had been involved in the project off and on, recognized the leader as an estate dragger about "two more kinds of paradise." Henlder was happy to let Lynch's first movie since *Friedman's* and everything was fine as long as Pollack was around, but once Pollack ditched away to *Tristar* to begin preparing his own film, *Out of Africa*, for Universal, Lynch and Henlder collided.

Dealing with *Tristar's* unstructured executive team had proved increasingly difficult for Lynch. "There were a lot of lessons and no 'cheat,'" he argued. Finally, on a Wednesday morning in April 1984, Henlder walked into the 5th floor at New York's Mayflower Hotel where the director had set up his studio headquarters. The cast and crew for the \$72.8 million movie were all in place, and filming was scheduled to begin the following Monday. Although *The Natural* was committed to more than \$3.5 million in phys-props, Henlder had had second thoughts. He announced that the studio would cut out of the film, which would lead to further financing.

The crew never reached a budget Hollywood-style. Here, at last, was the evidence the *Gap* team needed to prove its contention that *Tristar* was controlled by its studio parent, companies, especially Columbia and its greatest parent company, *Coca-Cola*. Both Henlder and Kaufman rejected the anomalies. None of the parent companies were even aware of the project, they insisted. When a war was won—Henlder had flip-flopped on his own.

Privately, Henlder was furious as Lynch carried his case to the press. He kept his temper, but the damage was done, the reputation was made. Judge one play to close to the station. "Gary is a disaster from a creative standpoint. He's unable to give quick answers. We don't have an intuitive feel for it."

"WHAT'S MOST ALARMING IS THE negative talk about town," says Zaden. *Zaden* was seeing, sitting back in his new offices at *Tristar*. Several weeks before the opening of *Fast Times*, which he coproduced, Zaden had found himself having lunch with Henlder, Bandler, Demme, Matalin, and John Schlesinger, wanting to corral a few young producers in time with the critical youth market. Henlder had read well which pictures were going to make it that spring, and he quickly made generous offers to Bruce Grier, about to start it rich as the producer of *Splash*, and to Zaden just days before *Fast Times* opened.

By early April *Tristar* was ready to make its first public notice. Two months earlier it had picked up an *Aliso Carr* remake of *Where the Day Grows*, which Universal had let go and at least one other studio had turned down. It was merely a warm-up act designed to test the company's distribution, marketing, but, when *Fast Times* hit the box office in mid-May, *Tristar* was the first to break second. The industry was astounded. Convincing the five studios had failed to market the movie aggressively, its producer, Aliso Carr, was reduced to joking, "Well, at least I got to spend a weekend with Robert Redford."

Robert Redford, it seemed, was all *Tristar* could boast of, and studio efforts were devoted toward its first in-house production, *The Natural*. Redford's first film in 10 years.

On May 11, *The Natural* opened to

generally warm, if mixed, reviews and a *Newsweek* cover story. But although the movie grossed a respectable \$6 million in its first three days, *Parade* judged the results "disappointing." Henlder and Kaufman were both. What did they have to do to prove themselves? In fact, by summer's end, *The Natural* will gross more than \$40 million. Yet, but, *The Gap* team failed to come up with a marketing strategy, this hand-to-toe guide recommended ways in which you can keep your body and mind in top shape throughout the years.

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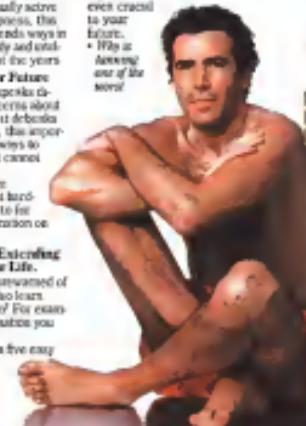
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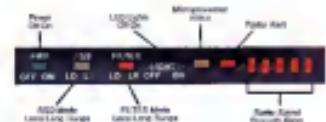


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away from Warner Bros., noted MICHAEL GUSTAFSON, the sequel to *Sybil* or *Starlancer's First Blush*, and secured the U.S. distribution rights to the \$10-million Christmas '88 extravaganza, *Santa Claus—The Movie*. Said one exhibitor, "Methuselah is saving Hendler's ass."

But there was one thing few people had anticipated, and that was the extraordinary critical reaction to *Planes in the Heart*.

THERE ARE TWO THINGS THAT matter in Hollywood: money and ego. By Labor Day, *Tri-Star* had issued its first check to *The Natural's* production people. Figuring in the anticipated long overseas, the pay and success-hunting idea, and the eventual videotape sales, there was no way *The Natural* wouldn't break even. In fact, as *Starlancer* explained it, *The Natural* was a sure bet. The studio had a considerable track record. With its success by certain standards and auditory criteria, the average *Tri-Star* film would have more than 125 percent of its production budget before it even left the studio. And while Kaufman's *Empire* may be slightly optimistic, they are off to a fast start.

But whether *Tri-Star* truly prospered is another story. In October the company had with the Securities & Exchange Commission to take the company public, in act

of sheer desperation, as the market analysts saw it. "What are they selling?" wondered one. "They've got a film *Memory* that amounts to about half a dozen monologues." In December, claiming unbearable financial conditions, *Tri-Star* suddenly withdrew the offering. "But it won't affect our operations," Kaufman said. "We didn't need the money."

So *Memory* was only the half of it, and not necessarily the important half. Two more of *Empire*'s ego—Kaufman and Hendler's—were in the line. Hendler might resent the rumors that surfaced in September that *Tri-Star* was seeking Michael Cimino during the week between *Empire's* responses from Paramount and his decision to join *Memory*, but Kaufman couldn't help admiring some satisfaction over the fact that *The New York Times*, in reporting the imbroglio, made it fairly obvious to *Tri-Star* that *Memory* was a good movie. *Tri-Star* responded by pointing out that *Tri-Star* was formed by Columbia, MGM, and U.S.A.

Well, nobody ever said that the opening numbers were ever the best opening. As the *Empire* was leaving the theater, *Tri-Star* had tripled its way into the big leagues, sure, but every play needs a cast of extras.

For even though Hendler still held onto his job, and Kaufman was out of step with the ledger sheet, the *Goodwill Patrol* was delighting in the latest news: *Debra Winger*, in a classic case of a superstar starting

her chart, had just pulled out of *Foggy Sun* to join *Memory*. When *Tri-Star* scuttled the comedy, it looked like a perfect *Winger* project, and Jonathan Demme had come aboard as director. But Demme and *Memory* clashed, and suddenly Demme was out. Enter Penny Marshall, a former *Headline* client and a close friend of *Winger's*. Now, the writers and producer Phil Cozen were complaining that Marshall, making her directorial debut, worked to Laverne and Shirley—so the comedy *Suddenly Marshall* was out. Well, if *Memory* goes, *To going on*, *Winger* announced. Even if it wins, *Winger* has the job on *Memory's* part, once again *Tri Star* was left looking indestructible.

And that was it. That was why *Planes in the Heart* was so mysterious. In the three years since *Memory*, *Tri-Star* had not only survived, but was thriving. And of all symbols, there was one that stood even more than the *Goodwill Patrol*—the *Academy Award*. Of course, it would be years before the studio could boast such an established competitor, but *Planes in the Heart* was its chance to pull a first one—an Oscar in its first year. Respect, Hendler, and Kaufman knew, could be just an envelope away.

By now, *Go, Doctor Go!* Gary Boudoir resigned from *Tri-Star* Pictures.
Luisito Kovarsky is a columnist for the Los Angeles Herald Examiner.

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Inside Moves

THE BUSINESS OF SHOW BUSINESS

CYNDI DON'T WANT "FUN"

When Robert Shulman was named chairman and chief executive of New World Pictures, he promised low-budget genre films based on high concept. Say-high concept. Like New World's blockbuster vehicle, *Body Rock*, and its plan to distribute *Shameless Angel*, a sequel to the cheapie exploitation blockbuster that will be the company's next project. But like New World's now-published infusion of \$260 million from American Express in June, the first project announced was the highest concept of all, namely based on a song title—Cyndi Lauper's hit "Girls Just Want to Have Fun."

Not to be confused with the hard-core porno valentines of the same name, this *Girls* chronicles a young woman's bid for fame when she enters a small-town dance contest. Sounds like a gaudy project for Cyndi Lauper, right? Well, not exactly. Not only is Lauper not starring in the musical (Cynthia's Sarah Jessica Parker is), but Lauper may not sing the title song, and the lyrics to that song will not even necessarily be the same.

Lauper doesn't own the song, songwriter Robert Hirsch does, but for her version the singer slightly reworded two stanzas and lines, switching the song from a typical rock composition about crassly oversexed girls into an anthem for women's right to play.

Sample of *Girls*'s session:

"My father says my a** what do they
want from me?"

"I may never clear we are the
fortunate ones."

"Girls just want to have fun."

"My mother says when you gonna
live your life right?"

"Oh mother dear we're in the
fortunate ones."

"And girls they want to have fun."

Robert Shulman's representation, Alan L. Spackman, who says his client won

approached by three other studios and producers before settling on New World's offer, considers his client's tradition the only "girls." Besides, Spackman adds, who can tell the difference between the two sets of lyrics? "If you mixed a thousand people on the street, they would not be



Credit: Lester



Photo: AP



Photo: AP

able to tell one from the other. Whose version is used when the *Chippendales* sing it? Who gets to record when they perform it in the *Ice Capades*?

The producers would like Lauper to sing to their movie, but that's for her's *refusal*. "I act a feminist," she says. "I made it into a feminist song. Any kind of thing that other people do in the song that I made a hit is just not my style now at all."

Laupi's new Mountie Pictures, in comparison with MTV, apparently made some tentative steps at putting together their own *Girls* project. Lauper, though, says she wants to conceive and write the music for her own "real rock 'n' roll" movie, "employing the talents of her rock-video director, Bob Gruen."

New World, which means it's more will not be explosive, I hope for Lauper's participation and blessing. They'll show her a rough cut of the movie next month.

commercial awards. That would make Prince (i.e. Michael Jackson) of 1984 this year's heavy favorite to dominate the awards. Our first prediction: one of the nominations for *Album of the Year* will go to *Purple Rain*.

Sympathy. Every few years a well liked down-and-out artist returns from the trenches with a major triumph. This year it's Tina Turner, and she just may paradise on Prince's *Rain*.

Provocative. *Grammy* does have some favorite songs, not always women's but seemingly always associated. Lionel Richie is an industry darling and demographically probably the most popular artist in America, but *Can't Slow Down* was a masterpiece—multigenre smash. Stevie Wonder could have assimilated in with the *Women in Red* sound track, but the *newcomer* should have gone to Prince.

Even-keen. Speaking of Stevie, it took

both him and Michael Jackson ten years to win their first *Grammy* at the Rolling Stone's *50th Anniversary* in 1985. Robinson has yet to strike Grammy gold. This year Bruce Springsteen should have finally broken through with his greatest mainstream success, *Born in the U.S.A.*

By speak, the *Grammy* has been known to rally around highly successful new artists (for instance Debbie Boone in 1977 and Christopher Cross in 1980). This time it would have been Cyndi Lauper, but like Huey Lewis's *Get It*, *She's So Unusual* was released too early to qualify for this year's awards. Look for the bullet "*New Age Tone*" in *It* in the Record of the Year category.

Industry pull. Anybody who remembers Tina's sweeping victory ten years ago knows the power of industry heavyweights. We're guessing that the sound track from *Footloose*, with stars like Kenny Loggins, songwriter Tom Snare, Oscar-winner Don Proctor, and CBS involved, edged into the final album slot.

Which going to win? Now that we've

told about fifty-five more years

now, Boston has been having a hard time in the traditional sense. The group is actually the brainchild of guitar Tom Scholz, who put the four others together almost singlehandedly—singing as principal musician, producer, engineer, arranger, and songwriter. In other words, Tom Scholz is Boston.

Tom Scholz is also a painstakingly slow worker. So in October of 1983 CBS brought out again his, along with 500 million in advances, to deliver the album called for in the contract. So touchy, these guys. This past summer, while the case was still pending, Boston jumped ship and signed with MCA for their next recording.

Scholz says, "Who has avoided the press for the past six years, explained to us that it all came down to the personalities of the two corporate chiefs."

"Unlike Walter Yetnikoff of CBS," he said, "Irving Azoff of MCA is the kind of man who recognizes the moral obligation and potential financial reward of supporting

is nearly too meticulous, but Deneen has been having a hard time in the traditional sense. The group is actually the brainchild of guitar Tom Scholz, who put the four others together almost singlehandedly—singing as principal musician, producer, engineer, arranger, and songwriter. In other words, Tom Scholz is Boston.

That's enough. Like on the other hand, Michelangelo took only five years to paint the whole ceiling. And that turned out pretty well.

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO...

McWay, Michael, Peter, and Dory.

The Monkees—she the Prelab Four because of their media for TV *originals*—made an unexpected splash when they hit the scene in 1966. And while incidents of Monkeemania have diminished since the group's 1969 breakup (with the exception of an almost epidemic popularity in Japan), Marge McWayne, editor of the *Monkee Fanatic Newsletter*, says the band members are all alive and well.

Peter Tork, forty-two, taught at an experimental private high school in the early Seventies. In the mid with the New Monkees, the ex-monk, based in Japan, took stock up that hand, formed the short-lived Peter Tork Project in 1981, and is now playing in a duo.

Davy Jones, thirty-nine, cut a solo album, guest-starred on *The Brady Bunch*, costumed with Marge McWayne in the British stage production of *The Play*, recorded and performed with Dolores Jones, Boyce, and Hart (a group featuring half of the Monkees and two of their more stragglers), formed a band called *Trust* (which soon broke up), and went to Japan, where he received rave reviews for his performance of old hits and new songs. His autobiography will be released soon.

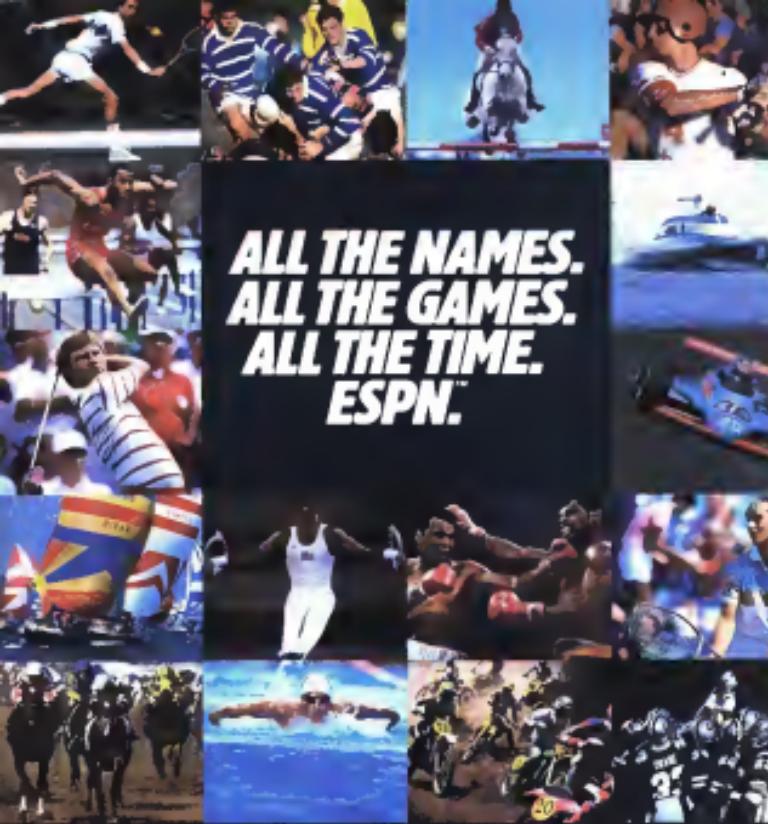
Micky Dolenz, thirty-nine, guest starred on *My Three Sons* and *Adam-12*, appeared in *Night of the Stranger* and *Linda Lovelace Is President*, costumed in the *Electric Mayhem*, became a solo artist with Dolores Jones, and then went to England, where he helped start the British British television network.

Michael Nesmith, forty-one, became the *Legend Paper* empire, the only Monkee to make it, and cut out of the music stage by staying true to the *Monkee* mix of rock and rollers. He has a successful solo recording career, visited the Pacific Arts Video Awards ceremony, was the first video *Grammy* for his *Electric Purple*, directed videos for *Paras*, *Survivor*, and *Kim Carnes*, and produced the *Electric Troubles* and *Replay Man* television Party still set next month on NBC.

If this little bird from the past leaves you hungry for more, you'll be happy to know that MCA Records is planning an ambitious reissue of all the Monkees' albums, records that some consider the pop equivalent of the *Dead Sea scrolls*. Reported by Bob Blumquist, Marge McWayne, and Steven Wilt.

Movies
Music
Media
Books
& Art

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: JOHN MILROY/NETTLE LTD.; JOHN MILROY/NETTLE LTD.; JOHN MILROY/NETTLE LTD.



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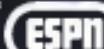
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TIME TOTAL SPORTS NETWORK

Bloodlines

When kids rat on their folks

by Brett Singer

MY MOTHER AND FATHER ALWAYS DELIGHTED IN TELLING STORIES ABOUT CHILDREN WHO BETRAYED THEIR PARENTS. THEIR EYES WOULD TWINKLE AS THEY TALKED OF THE BRITISH CHILDREN IN EUROPE WHO WERE ALL TOO EAGER TO TELL THE GESTAPO WHERE AND WHAT THEIR PARENTS WERE HIDING. BATTING ON YOUR PARENTS WAS THE MOST ABSOLUTE OF CRIMES, and also, it seemed, the most delicious. How far they father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land. The price for disowning your parents, then, was clearly penitence deadly. God would surely strike you dead.

The kiss-and-tell books of past seasons—in which the custodians of history were revealed their most intense sexual secrets—seem to have been replaced by a different and perhaps crueler sort of confession—the filial biography. These snitch-and-leach books go so far as to expose their subjects' dirty laundry that they raise the entire genre look kindly by comparison.

What distinguishes the filial biography from the kiss-and-tell book is the greater complexity of the bond between fathers and daughters, mothers and sons. For of all the love stories in the world, the deepest and the most compelling are the stories of parents and children. Or as my mother used to tell me, "It's not easy being King Lear."

Certainly, exotic love provides the setting for many filial biographies with dirty angles in the past, and dirt is the operative word here, but as the flesh is firmer, so too must be its secrets. The sevens of filial love are far more complicated than the variations numbered even those of the Kama-sutra. And while we may longer the luxuriant sexual liaisons of all kinds—impotence, infidelity, nymphomania, and worse—we find it harder to accept that one of our heroes was a bad mother.

Gwynn Rose Lee, the most famous stripper of the nineteenth century, was, as a very modest woman, according to her son, Erik Lee Prentiss, the author of *Gwyn & Me: At Home and on the Road with Gwynn Rose Lee* (Little, Brown). And beyond that, to say, she was a good mother: because she left a child behind with no mother I would swap her since I was not a son.

The sweet thing her son has to say about Gwyn is that the wiz authorious Mrs. Lee views his career as a victory at Brevard County School for Boys, as undeniably concerned about his welfare. Gwyn attempts to teach him the art of a book by writing him back her biography Gwyn. When she discontinues project filial, Gwyn relents only up to a point, she takes him to the home of the avaricious producer Leonard Silvers, who was cleaning out his closets and had agreed to sell her some of his old stuff. And from it he finds Erik takes back to school with him a "poor but raised rascals" and four old Brooks Brothers suits that belonged to a man "at least fifty pounds heavier" than he. As all of us chapters and son know this is the fabric of heartbreak.

Another fast Gwyn relents to buy her new underpants, telling him that if Harry Truman could find time to wash out his socks and underwear every night during his stay in the White House, so could the adolescent Erik. At various times Erik is told that "Meth is a crarr man for her money than for me." For Gwyn is in the familiar role of the successful, well-paid star who can never completely drive out the ghosts of childhood poverty. Even when she's won a walk-on at the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas, the stripper booked a room more several miles away in order to economize by cooking her meals on a hot plate.

If Erik delights in telling us about his mother's cheapness, he takes even greater pleasure in revealing her slatternly appearance. He seems to enjoy most of all recreating in vivid detail the sloppy and disheveled costumes in which Mrs. Lee lounged about at home. The effort to strip his mother of the trappings of affluence and

glamour points up one of the more interesting features of some filial biographies. These books are not concerned with honoring a parent for their subjects in the archive of social history. They do not honor or inflate their heroes—rather they are to deliver them.

John Cheever has a different relation to his biographical ancestor *Home Before Dark* (Algonquin Books). It is necessary to point out right away that John Cheever and Gwyn Rose Lee inhabited different universes, and in their biographies if John Cheever deserves nothing else, he deserves a literary biography, and his daughter, a novelist in her own right, his grown sons nothing less.

Cheever's reminiscence of his father reads as a sham of sonnets—Cheever was an alcoholic and a homosexual—and yet there is nothing of the Laudanum here. It is not a question of duty or desire of saving the sheets or taking them away. Where other sons and daughters appear to be laying their subjects back—biography as a means of punishment—Mrs. Cheever's purpose is distinctly literary. Like her father before her, she writes "to make use of...life."

Her father was using things to his daughter, but most precious to her, perhaps, was his role in teacher. When the Cheever family was living in Italy the year that Susan turned thirteen, her father attempted to explain to her the difference between Rome and Boston—a mind geography whose poles expressed the extremes of Cheever's own soul. In his native Massachusetts, he explained, "they...adored all oriental and literary...romance was as valued that jeans legs were never mentioned and underwear was hung out on the clothesline concealed in special pilloches."

Sean Cheever's special gift is filial biography. With the birth of this child, as if it were a religion. Not that excessively pious nor puritanically moral, she gives us names instead of tears, catalog instead of grief. It is said that we make our own laws, but that by the time we reach middle age we seek the laws we deserve. Perhaps the same excuse-place applies to filial biography.

MY FATHER ONCE TOLD ME THAT he dreamt of his father, dead since 1884, almost every night. The host of the parent over the child, the way of a parent's affection, comes to us even from the other side. "She'll have long hair and drive a sportscar and we'll call her Susie." Cheever was appalled to have said it to his wife before their daughter was born. And suddenly, the daughter that life gave him was "stately, dignified by age...affectionately seductive." The urge to name all alone, then, the urge to reward parent's life, always comes down the same thing: a desire to win the parent's love. And if that love cannot be won, the biography will wring due respect until, if not love, something is won—a private satisfaction, public terror.

Sometimes the only way to diminish is to punish the parent with the pity—if reverence is sweet, compassion revenge is even sweeter. If a child has been ta-

mented by his famous mother or father, the parent—the naming public—of the celebrity-parent's star provides not only capital but also reprise.

By now everyone in the English-speaking world is familiar with the rather eccentric child-rearing practices of the star of *Alfred Penny for Mammies' Breast* (William Powell) by Christine Crawford, who will be the mommy, if you will, of the internet as public blogging. There's the time Jean purchased Christine for padding the wallpaper by taking pairs of casseroles to her favorite brick and mortar. Christine wears the cat up stairs for a week straight. If anyone will to know why she was winning the torn dress, which by the end of the week exposed her underwear, she was asked to say, "I don't like pretty things." There's also the time the famous child Claudia had up in the shower, and the time "Mommie" locked her up in the sauna closet, fully aware of Christine's fear of the dark.

When John Crawford and Phil Terry split up for good, Crawford exercised his responsibility toward his children, one or two of his "place well left" with just a few "male traits." His adopted daughter insisted, "When Mommy's home, she's a mom and enough she ripped people in strips and made them disappear." I spent more than twenty-five years trying to make sure my Momma's dearest lived the...so she

wouldn't...make me disappear too."

It is this very fear of disappearance that infuses these reflections of the celebrity-kid. The children of the famous—and perhaps this is especially true of the offspring of Hollywood stars—live their lives in shadow, in transience, as well as in the deflected light of their parents' glory. The death of the famous parent seems to have a double effect: the child is liberated from his second-class identity, but also has identity to further suffice.

In the final scene of her last memoir, Christine attends a "voluntary" retreat to the little John Crawford. Erik Lee Fremmer gets into his act with Gwynn waiting long of hang concern in Beverly Hills. Susie Cheever packs a snowball and "slid it" gently at the grave. "And not content to be surprised that the deceased was as big Crosby as his first memoir with her father's death."

According to Gary Crosby in *Going My Own Way* (Globebooks), America's favorite crooner made Jim Crawford look like "Barney Martin." The overnight powerhouse of the 1940s, Bing Crosby and his colleagues at Bing's Ranch in Santa Barbara, Calif., had so on. He was put on a diet of grapefruit and catfish and weighed in every Tuesday. And...if the caloric load more than that should have, he ordered rice into his office and had his drug trays. Between the beatings dished up by his mother and father, Gary Crosby must have spent most of his childhood with his parents around his ankles. And just like the heroes and heroines of those many Vietnam novels that detail the cruel punishment of orphans by moralizing monster adults, Gary Crosby is forced to eat his own lunch from the tray in his parents' kitchen background. (That detail gives me particular frissons, for I have seen the ghosts of those branches—my parents' gave their house over to the Crosby's old Bell Air mansion.)

To many, many of the children of the famous are orphans. No wonder that so many of these books end with the parents put into prison. The setting is family to generate narrative endgame—dismayed over come, heartbreak attempts to buy out and far all their parents in parents, and along with them, the last dreams of childhood. The biography, it sometimes turns out, is our very own fable.

Nietzsche has said, "If one does not have a good father, one must provide oneself with one." And that is perhaps the motivation for all these books about mothers and fathers. The book becomes the parent one creates oneself: a parent made of ink and words. And everyone knows a paper dragon can only breathe paper fire.

I understand, Father, that it's not easy being King Lear, not even in Der Blaue's backyard—no easier than being Cordelia. Rivers, Stevens, the master of the living dead, has just finished a new novel, *Footnote in Fiction*.

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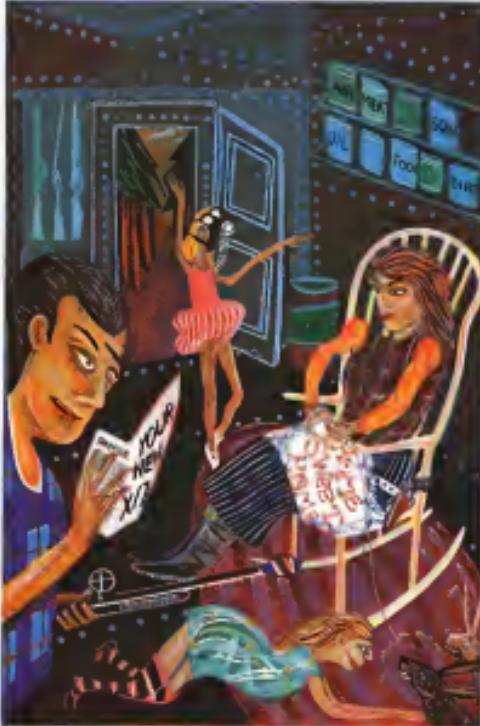
BY T. CORAGHESSEN BOYLE

On for the Long Haul

she lie writhing in her death agony the distraught spouse had hauled her halffway up a staircase and then where she was laid several days later by a photographer from Life magazine. The picture—stained teeth, gory hair, leaves like a mouthful of teeth—was indefensible with him, a shoulder hearkening to his permanent mental baggage. She claimed unperformed, that entomologist, insensitivity to the tiny details that can make or break one. "People just have no such imagination,"

At their first meeting, the surgeon had been skeptical. "You're going to Montana, Mr. Werk, not Horse. There are hospitals there, all the modern facilities."

"It's got to go, Doctor." Bayard had quietly answered, looking up with perfect composure from the



Officer's beneficence meant that the road as-
sistant was too busy hunting like wild
from the rounded hills that ran the length of
the front porch. Melissa spotted them
first. "What's that?" she said.

"Worms."

"There, up on the porch." By the time Bayard saw them it was too late. Fred had seen them too—dashed ears and limp paws, the pugzy little carcasses tumbling slowly toward their misbegotten noses—and, worse, the seven-year-old racing down her sleeves, had caught a nightmarish glimpse of them before he could flick off the lights. "My God," Fred whispered. They set there a moment, the dark silhouetting no gleam of light for miles. Then Morris began to whisper and Melinda called out his name sharply, as it was occurring, as if he alone were responsible for the horns and pincers of the world.

Bayard left it was nothing. Fred fled the dark snare set at the pit of his stomach with a howl of defiance. Fred was between the hills and the porch, the two of them an artery for pulsing headwind. Beyond it the exterminator of Aransas, fragrant, angry, incomprehending, lay at home in the darkness, his hands encircling the wheel. When finally he flicked on the porch lights and pushed open the door, Fred clutched his arm with the grip of a mafueman. "Don't go out there," he barked.

"Dog," he sly, Bayard said.

"No," she sobbed, clutching at him as if he was drowning. Her eyes raged at him in the dim light, the girls were weeping and moaning, and then she was pressing something into his hand, heavy, cold, instruments of death. "Take this."

Set on wooden planks were parked outside the TLT Cocktail Bar when Bayard rolled in to downtown Rockport. It was half gone eleven, and here, the town's satirist streetlight glowed like a single eye. As he crossed the street to the bar, he saw the silhouette of Chuck's. With a hand inside what was a number of tiny figures in broad-brimmed hats and hats rolling around in front of the bar. There was a cushion of deep-set voices, the singing voice of a country fiddle, stars overhead, the glow of expectancy below. Death, he thought, passing past there. Their lives wouldn't be worth a rotten crushed egg when the last call.

Bayard stalked up to the phone, like the receiver from its cradle, and quickly dialed a number he'd scribbled across a paper napkin. He was angry, keyed up, hot with outrage. He listened to the phone ring three times, then four, as he cursed under his breath. This was too much like hell was sick with him, his chestnuts transmuted, and all he'd worked for—security, self-sufficiency, peace of mind—was threatened. He had to prove sound his own bones like a coroner, clutching a gun he didn't know how to use, jumping in broken shadow. Each batch was an instant, each pocket of shadow a crowding

sherry, the very cross hairs of a combat bin. Finally, while Fred and the children hid in the back of the car, he cut down Loraine and Duke, leaving the lifeless bodies in a tangle, and then threw out Fred. Then Fred, her face like a mask of fire, had made him turn on off the lights till the house blazed like a stage set, inviting that he search the closets, pull the barrel of the gun under the bed, and lay his back to the doors of the kitchen closets as an undercover cop baiting drug peddlers. When Fred barked at this last provocation—the children couldn't have concealed anything bigger than a buttered ham—she'd remonstrated with how they found Charlie Manus under the kitchen sink. "All right," he'd said after searching the house, "there's nobody home." It's safe.

"It was the music, wasn't it?" Fred whined, as if afraid she'd be outwitted.

"Honey," Melinda cried, "where's Leslie, and...and Duke?" The last word tattered off in a broken lamentation for the dead, and then Fred felt the anger like a hot magnet.

"I don't know," he said, pressing Melinda to him and massaging her shaking little shoulders. "I don't know." Through the doorway he could see Marcus sitting in the big armchair, sucking his thumb. Suddenly he became aware of the gun in his hand. He stood silent at it a long moment, and then shone accessions, as if it were a cigarette lighter or nail clipper, he slipped it into his pocket.

Now he excommunicated Chuck's. Wrote, the right breathing down his neck, the telephone receiver pinched to his ear. Four rings, then six. There was the low croaking of Marcus' voice through a mask of silence, a jumble of names, answered with a quirk testicle. "Yeah?"

"Stan? It's me, Bayard."

"Bayard Weeks."

"There was a pause. "Oh yeah," Ariscon said finally. "Bayard. What can I do for you?"

"None. I just wanted to ask you..."

"Because I know you're going to be short of breathers for hypertension, cramping, and all that, and I've got a new line of nasal inhalers you might want to take a look at..."

"Suck?" Bayard's voice had gone sharp, and he leapt to control it. "I just wanted to ask you about the guy in the bar, you know, the one you had with you up here last month—Chuck?"

"There was another pause. Bayard could picture him sitting in a lame-o-neckard bathrobe, going ready to turn in on his bed that converted to a life raft in the event a second flood came over the earth while he slept. "Uh-huh. Yeah. What about him?"

"Well, did he ever buy the place? I mean, is he up here now?"

"Gates? Bayard, why not buygates? by gates, I mean, Bayard is no different than you are—except maybe he doesn't like children, is all. He's a 100 percent, Bayard, or he is the long-haul like you. I mean he's legit as

shorthanded—and we should you." Bayard drew a long breath. "You got to know, Son."

"It takes all kinds, Beyond."

"I didn't need advice, Son. Just information. Look, I can go down to the county sheriff's office in Poteet and get what I want."

Ariscon sighed. "All right," he said finally. "Yes. He moved in yesterday."

When he turned away from the phone, Bayard had his face on his. Beyond. It was a joke. He owned thirty-five acres of untrammeled wild-west backwoods wilderness land, and his only neighbor was a psychopath who'd eaten children in the wilderness and treated helpless animals. Well, he wasn't going to allow it. Society might be headed for collapse, but there were still laws on the books. He'd call the sheriff, like Collier in court, when he locked up.

He was halfway to his car, and drawing even with the open door of the TLT when he became aware of a familiar sound of to his left. "Huh?" Recognizing the distinctive bark whine of a Dalmatian pup. Then, suddenly, of the work, was an Oldsmobile pickup, looking like half an MX missile with its hood glazed to the over-end. He stopped, puzzled. This was no Fred, no Chevy, no Dodge. "The Officer was on me in those parts as a parapsychic—he'd never seen one himself till Ariscon... . Suddenly he began to understand.

The door swung open. Collier's face was dark—purple as a hibiscus robe at nightfall. The statue asked, roared, and then fell back as the car stopped. The headlights seemed to clutch at the statue. "Hey, hey," Collier said. "Mr. Rocky Mammouth, Mr. Sleepyfoot."

Bayard became aware of movement in the shadows behind him. The heretics, the cowboys had gathered silently, watching him. Collier stood ready that way, a ready refuge at his side. Beyond saw that rifle, and suddenly knew the Officer. Roman-made, he thought. "Mr. Ariscon," he struggled out of Ariscon's grip. "Mr. Ariscon," he pressed against him again, anything but dead like a bear's heart of course. He took it and gripped his brawny strength. He had a bony, scaly mass of flesh on his biceps and a gun at his pocket. Collier was waiting.

Bayard took a step forward. Collier spun in the dirt and raised the rifle. There was a rattled cough from the shadows, and out of the corner of his eye Bayard saw the face of a mafueman, the implacable dark figures of the spectators, and then the focus of Fred and the children passing in quick review.

He could have gone for his gun, but he didn't even know how to release the safety catch, let alone aim and fire the thing, and it came to him that even if he did know how to handle it, once it had fired it a thousand times at cows, bottles, rocks, and popcorn rats, he would never use it, not a bit of the hungry bodies of the earth were fit to die. But Collier would. Oh, no. Collier would. Collier was on for the long haul.

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